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Is There Anything New Under the Sun?

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?

Edwin Björkman

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TO THE MEMORY

of

MY FATHER

whose loving sacrifices opened me a way
toward self-expressive work

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I

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes.

THERE is in our own time and generation a growing impatience with the life-conception that makes out of fate not a stepping-stone under our feet but a millstone around our necks. More and more we are inclined to challenge that sad cry of the Preacher as the final sum and substance of what man may learn concerning life and himself. The moment is drawing nigh, I, for one, believe, when for this truth of the past, which tyrannically interposes itself between us and the future, must be substituted a later and wider and higher truth based on the remarkable advance in knowledge made during the last few centuries. And what is

this more recent truth in the last analysis but a recognition—gaining daily in strength and clearness—of life as endless change, as a never-ending rebirth on brighter and more far-visioned planes, as an eternal upward climb from darkness to light, from hatred to love, from infuriated slavery to self-surrender in freedom?

"That which is crooked cannot be made straight," declared the Preacher. And the Buddha cried: "Behold, O monks, the holy truth of suffering—birth is suffering, old age is suffering, disease is suffering, and death is suffering."

The Preacher and the Buddha knew nothing but the fact of disease. Its nature was still hidden from them. And for this reason it seemed to them a blow struck at man from without—a castigation that might or might not be deserved, but which could not possibly be avoided. The intimate connection between cause and effect, though dimly felt both by the Sage of Palestine and the Prophet of

India, was not yet grasped and mastered by their reasons. In so far as they foresaw the law of causation, it was only in the form which demands that the sins of the fathers be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generations. As a law bringing good no less than evil, and with equal inevitability, it was wholly foreign to them.

To us of the present day, helped in our vision by the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, and a thousand other modern inventions, disease is always the logical effect of ascertainable causes. With the blind awe removed, we are able to realize it as a hint from life of error committed. And in so far as we succeed in revealing the nature of such an error, the disease depending on it will also be rendered avoidable for the future. Thus men have already been led into dreams of a coming day when disease will exist only as a sporadic and quickly checked relapse into past mistakes.

Yes, crookedness is actually being made straight these days. By groping our way

from link to link along the endless chain of cause and effect, we are discovering that much which used to be deemed FATAL is little more than ACCIDENTAL. More and more effectively with every passing year we are also learning that the relationship of cause and effect cannot be pictured as a straight line, but must be thought of rather as a series of widening circles. And we have come to understand how tremendous the force and scope of those spreading rings of effect may prove in comparison with the tiny causal point at their centre. Acting on this new knowledge, we are establishing such subtle and far-reaching connections as those between under-nourishment and crime, between over-feeding and insanity. The surgeon's scalpel has already helped more than one of life's supposedly helpless victims not only to see and hear, but to feel and think straight; while the dietary of the practitioner and the exercises of the physical trainer are turning human rag-heaps into full-brained and full-brawned men and women.

There is, of course, some crookedness that has its roots struck so deeply in the racial soil that we cannot yet prevail over it. Our means are still as limited as our knowledge, but, like this, they are rapidly expanding. Where a fault committed far back in the centuries has had the chance to eat itself into the very core of some line of descent, there we acknowledge temporary defeat. And with as much kindness as our purpose permits we propose to eliminate what we cannot set right. The parts thus affected may suffer—they have certainly a just cause for complaint. But whose is the fault? Their own? Or life's? No, answers modern science unequivocally to each of those questions. The fault must then lie with somebody or something that is smaller than life and larger than individual man: that means, with the stock, the group, the race. For we are not merely "ourselves." We are units within a larger whole. We are, in fact, parts of many larger entities, and with each one of these we may have to suffer in so far as it

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happens to violate some of life's immutable laws.

As disease is a warning of danger within the individual body, so disaster, distress and disease on a larger scale must be regarded as warnings that things are wrong within the social body. No longer do they confront us as unchangeable facts—as integral features of life. They are just symptoms that have a traceable cause and that call for action. And in almost every case the symptoms are discovered, and the first impetus to remedial action given, by the pained outcries of some latter-day pessimist. For the pessimist uses the life he sees, with its many shortcomings, as an excuse for condemning all life. And thus, while he is aiming futile arrows at that which lies beyond his reach, he assists in the task which Lester F. Ward had in mind when he said: "What the human race requires is to be awakened to a realization of its condition. It will then find a remedy for its woes."

But evolution was undreamt of in the

days of the arch-pessimist who wrote: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." With us, on the other hand, evolution is a fact that is assuming greater and greater predominance in our comprehension of life. No longer do we behold existence as a stagnant pool—a pool which mirrors heaven on its surface, to be sure, but which nevertheless stinks with a decay that is inseparable from absence of movement. Before our rapt eyes life flows by like a mighty, restless, all-embracing current of energy. We are still so lately escaped from the blindness of the past that we continue to mourn the quick passing of each new moment, which we try to hold and keep as a lasting "now." We are still encompassed by tarrying mists that tempt us into spending useful time on such arguments as that, after all, evolution and progress are two wholly different terms. We can no longer deny that life moves—but filled as we are with the prejudices and superstitions handed down by our forefathers with the very blood flowing through our veins,

we are still doubting whether the motion of life may really lead us forward.

A new Galileo is needed. But when he comes, as come he must, he will not have to cry so loud or so long, nor will he be burnt at the stake for his wider vision of truth. The race is ready for him. The cry once raised by the right man, it will ring out from pole to pole, until the whole globe is set trembling with the triumph of its message. The world, the universe, life, man, everything, moves—and wherever there is motion, there what IS cannot remain THE SAME.

The Preacher of Jerusalem was a man of "great estate," of solid possessions, and these, too, he found disappointing—as have others before and after him. The one thing that never seems to have occurred to him was that the trouble might lie within himself. "I made me great works," he tells us; "I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards; . . . I got me servants and maidens; . . . I gath-

ered me also silver and gold. . . . So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem."

Much he made and much he got—but for whom? Note the "me" that accompanies each new item on his list! For himself he did and tried all those things—and the happiness they brought was worm-eaten. There are men to-day who may not even be counted more than WORLDLY WISE, and who yet know that the great works and houses and vineyards and gardens which they enjoy most securely and most completely are those they ordain not for themselves but for others. Here, as in many other things, we find the Preacher simply a child of his own day, and not the master of all time. But let us get nearer the heart of his plaint.

"And how dieth the wise man?" he called into the surrounding night. To which the answer came out of his own mouth: "As the fool. Therefore I hated life."

This is probably to-day, as it has always been, the worst despair of all. The fear of

death—how this motive runs like a black thread through all but an infinitesimal part of mankind's literature! "Woe upon the life of man, which lasts but a little while!" cried the Buddha. And at the heart of Schopenhauer's dark look upon life lay the same resentment against his own dissolution. In Europe and the Indies—4,000 years before Christ or 2,000 years after—it is always there: the fear of death! But taking its cue from the very men who offered mankind the bitterest drink ever prepared for it—from the Buddha and Schopenhauer, both of whom tried vainly to goad men into forestalling the inevitable—science has turned that fear inside out. And what is thus laid bare to us, we find astoundedly to be—the WILL TO LIVE, the joy of living, the pressure of that vital force which carries and moves and guides the whole universe.

And if the fear still remain a fear—well, let us read on once more: "Yes, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun:

because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me."

There's the rub!—not the going of one, but the coming of the other. Yet men who were not counted wise—men led by feeling rather than by reasoned insight, by impulse rather than by what is generally called wisdom—these have, in all times, labored for nothing so hard as for the hope of leaving a better lot, a brighter earth, for "the man that came after them." At first they were thinking merely of the son, the daughter, the coming generations of their own blood—but gradually that thought grew and widened and rose, until it is now promising to embrace all generations of all mankind: Humanity. More and more we have grown to live outside of ourselves, ahead of our own limited hour. The future and the race are taking more and more of our feelings and cares and plans. We have gone on adding to our own selves—possessions, loves, kinships, friendships, loyalties, patriotisms—until to-day the centre of our being seems

to have become projected far beyond its own boundaries in time and space.

Still the fear of death has not departed from us. Why not? Let us read on. "For there is a man whose labor is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not labored therein shall he leave it for his portion. This also is vanity and a great evil."

Gradually we are admitting that a "great portion" should not pass to this man or that, without reference to his wisdom, knowledge or equity. The evil of such descent is already being acknowledged indirectly—through taxation of incomes and inheritances; through the rearing of Socialist Utopias; through the institution of trust foundations, and in a hundred other ways that are becoming inextricably woven into our social life. Instead of sighing over our inability to remain here as custodians of what we have brought together, we are coming to realize that, if we leave our portion not to this man or that—be he ever so near

of kin—but to all men, then we may shed all fears that the needed wisdom and knowledge and equity for its proper handling be not forthcoming. For we are actually learning —although we swallow the lesson neither readily nor gracefully—that the decline of the world does not accompany our own. It comes hard, but we must acknowledge it: when our own shoulders are taken from under it, the world will not drop!

Guided, as always, by science, we are led on to see that when our own path begins to slope downward, it is only in order that there may be room and energy available for still higher and more perfect incarnations of the life spirit—and just because our own degree of perfection has served its purpose and reaped its reward in the bearing of the new that is to take our places. We are foreseeing, at last, that when this world of ours begins itself to descend toward its final disintegration, that, too, will happen only in order that there may be room and energy

available for the rebuilding of a new world on a grander scale and a more refined plan.

The old dreamers were right—not the brooding, carping pessimists, but the mystic singers of mighty dreams: after Ragnarök and the dusk of the gods will follow a new earth and a new Asgard; the New Jerusalem will rise in eye-dazzling splendor on the ruins of the old. Those glorious visionaries saw as through a glass darkly, and we are beginning to see with the brilliant clearness of unobstructed vision. But what they dreamt and what we see is the same at heart: that the new is always better than the old, and that what is better is always new. To grasp this truth of a coming day, however, and to live safely on its promise, one thing is needed which has yet to be built—and that is a faith based on insight instead of hopes or fears.

Such a faith the Preacher did not possess, and could not possess, because he was living in a day that had not yet acquired the knowl-

edge needed for its foundation. And therefore he was able to write and mean that "Much study is a weariness of the flesh." Yet the travail of thousands of patient toilers has done this much for us: it has divulged the source and support of pessimism. Here it is well to recall the words of Rudolf Eucken: "He may not be called pessimist who merely feels the profundity of life's painfulness, but only he who thereby is driven toward a ceasing of all struggle and toward a weary resignation."

True pessimism we find in the words of Schopenhauer: "Each individual existence is a definite mistake, a blunder, something that would be better not to have been, and the object of existence should be to end it." We find it again in these words written by Huysmans: "But that which remains forever incomprehensible is the initial horror, the horror imposed on each of us, of having to live, and that is a mystery which no philosophy can explain."

This genuine pessimism seems to have been

unknown to classic antiquity. So was individualism in our modern sense. These two principles—pessimism and individualism—must be considered all but inseparable. The tendency toward both has, of course, been with man ever since he became human. For the future lies wrapped in the past. And in the remotest day that was, the remotest day yet to come lay already foreshadowed.

But individualism found its first tangible expression in Palestine somewhat before the time when the Preacher may be assumed to have lived. It took the form of a hope for personal salvation substituted for one of national rejuvenation. It grew and spread during the centuries leading up to the appearance of Christianity. And as Christianity has developed historically, it is simply systematized individualism based on a pessimistic interpretation of our present life. But by giving him a foothold outside of this world—however imaginary—it has enabled man to wrench himself free from the tyran-

nical sway exercised over him by the social group to which he belonged.

Previously man was little more than an atom in the social molecule, a polyp doomed to help in the upbuilding of the coral reef of the city or the state. The change brought about by Christianity and other coöperating forces must not be pictured as a degeneration, although, like most deaths that bring new life, it proved so painful that its pangs are not yet outlived. Such a change was needed for life's further development, life having progressed as far as it could without the added impetus of less circumscribed individual variation.

Evolutionary progress runs always from stability to flexibility. At first life seeks mainly to establish itself, to make sure of its own preservation, and for this fundamental purpose it requires chiefly order. But no sooner does life seem secure than it turns to perfection as its higher and more essential aim. And thence onward it demands a greater and greater degree of progress—

that is, of flexibility—while order is more and more taken for granted. Conformation precedes variation as life's principal requisite: and whatever life particularly requires, it nurses as the foremost VIRTUE in its creatures.

Individualism means above everything else greater variability on the part of the human unit, together with a growing chance for this quality to assert itself against the resistance of tradition and custom. Conformation, once the most desirable quality, is made to take a subordinate place, but not without a struggle—and "hence these tears." For the individual, having become conscious of a right on his part to what he calls freedom, turns impatiently against any and every restriction. Having felt and seen the opposition between his own identity and all the rest of the universe, he will not rest satisfied with anything less than the spreading of his own self over everything else, until the whole universe may be spoken of in terms of I and ME and MINE.

This is individualism carried to its utmost consequence—and as such it plays a highly important part in life's economy. While inspired by such ambitions, man ventures upon all sorts of reckless undertakings. For these he pays often with his very existence, but none the less life profits by them. The fact that the innovator perishes when the world is not yet ready for the bursting of the form against which he rebels, does not mean that his innovation perishes with him. The latter goes marching on, until the seemingly impossible happens, and the universe is actually made over in the image of the perished man's dream.

In this struggle of new against old, the individual must suffer, of course, until he has learned what he is doing and what is being done by others. He cries bitterly because of every limitation encountered by his self. Were he left unchecked to follow his own burning desire, he would go off at a tangent like a shooting star and the world would be reduced to chaos. But the principle

of conformation remains all the time at work in the background. It finds its embodiment in the mass as the selective agent that sits in judgment on all individual innovations, accepting what is felt to be life-promoting, and ruthlessly rejecting what is suspected of being life-retarding.

A day must come, however—and perhaps it has already dawned—when all is accomplished that may be gained through this kind of blind interaction, this apparently purposeless fight between principles that are mutually ignorant of each others' natures and justifications. Does life then come to a stop? Hardly: for nothing that we have discovered so far indicates that life can EVER stop. Instead we may—nay, must—assume that it rises to a still higher plane. As stability had to be superseded by flexibility, so consciousness supersedes unconsciousness. From instinctive struggle for the boundless assertion of his own freedom, the individual passes onward to open-eyed recognition of the true relationship between himself and the

race; while the race, on the other hand, becomes increasingly aware of the part played by the individual as its own vanguard. When this happens, then individualism, as we understand it now, will have served its day. Something else will take its place—a new attitude of mind—and this coming mood of man is already "in the air." Call it socialism, mutualism, solidarism, anything you care—at heart it is going to mean just this: a voluntary surrender on the part of the individual self, whereby it will be assured of all the freedom it needs and wants within the limits of a larger self.

One more quotation—the last one: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

So there is, indeed. But he who wrote those words, and who gave as foremost instance "a time to be born, and a time to die," forgot to include "a time to BE and a time to GROW." In our keen recognition of the fact that—to our limited vision—ascent always

precedes descent, we have overlooked the possibility that the order of these two processes might, perhaps, be reversible; that descent might prove ascent of a different, and maybe higher, kind. It has been said that our capacity for growth is greatest just after birth and decreases steadily to the end, so that we may be said to be dying from the moment of our projection into life. This ingenious argument does not reckon with the fact that the earlier growth is largely a recapitulation of the course ground into life by our innumerable forebears, while our later growth is more likely to be our own—to mark the one little step that we personally are able to add unto all those taken by the vast multitudes that have preceded us. And it is this one new step, this final venturing into the regions of still unshaped life, that takes the greatest capacity for growth and the greatest expenditure of vital energy.

Flexibility may be greatest in childhood, but strength and endurance are not. Man, we know now, is strongest just before his

strength begins to wane—and the future promises him as his richest fruit, not an abolishment of death, or even necessarily its postponement, but a prolongation of the period of growth—a preservation of physical and mental flexibility to a time of life when vital stability is most firmly established.

Seen in the light of these new possibilities, the childhood and youth of man assume the part known to be played by the childhood and youth of life itself. These periods of vital development display the most rapid but not the most essential form of growth. If the analogy be true, the afternoon of life becomes the real growing time—the time for the spending of which we have been brought into this world. And if we consider life in its entirety, it seems certain in the light of present knowledge that the time of mere BEING precedes and prepares the time of actual GROWING.

"To everything there is a season"—yes, and the season of growth is dawning for this

our world, as well as for mankind itself. Human life has become established in its humanity. What lies before us is the very essence and flower of our existence as a race: the moulding of the new form that shall receive the torch from us and carry it up triumphantly to the next plane of life. Once this has been accomplished, a seeming end will come to the old form. There will be an ebbtide presaging and preparing the next and still mightier floodtide of life. There will be a pause in the rhythm of being, but only in order that its beat may make itself more clearly and joyously felt.

Mankind is turning into fruit in order that the new seed may be sown and sprout and grow and blossom and set fruit and add its new moment of perfection to the sum total of life. In such a consummation there is hope and purpose enough for me at least. And it is this new hopeful purpose, wrung from the message with which modern science is fraught, that has changed me from a be-

liever in the past and in the part to a builder of the future and the whole.

And therefore I cry joyfully and sincerely: there is always something new under the sun! Each new day sees the whole world renewed. From millennium to millennium the advance may be barely perceptible. From æon to æon it must be so great that our eyes would be blinded, could they look that far. And by and by—as one new thing is added to the other, until gradually the past seems completely outgrown—there may come a new sun even: a spiritual, self-conscious sun; a sun with a "soul"; a sun that to our present one is what man is to the blind, inflexible elements of inorganic matter. It is for the coming of the new—of the new man, and the new sun, and the new life, and the new god—that we should all be living and loving and working and dreaming. For surely the world does move!

LIFE'S HIGHER PURPOSE

IN the beginning life willed it that her creatures should serve her ends unwittingly, lest numbing fear or misdirected zeal lead them astray. For this reason she made them nearsighted almost to blindness, thus forcing them to take the means for the end, the road for the goal. And in place of farsight and foresight she gave them for guides certain instincts planted so deeply in all of them as to become inalienable parts of their own natures. But because growth is her supreme law, she must needs confer upon them by slow degrees what at first she deemed it better to withhold. Moving more imperceptibly than the hour-hand on the dial—taking a thousand years for a single small step perhaps—she made them see and hear and think. And in that way came at last to the farthest advanced of her creatures

some forebodings not only of what he and others around him were actually doing, but of the inner meanings and ulterior intentions of that vast, secret force which seems to be moving all things, himself included.

From the present state of our knowledge it seems safe to conclude that whatever life does or causes its creatures to do has for its ultimate end the preservation and the perfection of life itself. The law that existence must be continued at any cost embodies the fundamental principle, for the state of being is conditional to that of becoming something else. But the highest law, the most imperative, the one most essential to the spirit of life, is undoubtedly that of growth. It might even be said that life cared for its own preservation only in order that it might reincarnate itself in forms of ever-increasing perfection. At the same time it craves to be and to grow both in the part and in the whole. In the process of evolution, which is the highest known expression of the life spirit, the specimen and the species, the indi-

vidual and the race, are mutually conditional to each other.

Thus we find that wherever life makes itself felt—in atom or in star, in forms simple or complex, in matter that we term "lifeless" or in spirit deemed by us "immortal"—there the forces employed on its errands group themselves in regard to four heads, so that we speak of them, now as static (anabolic) or kinetic (katabolic), and again as centripetal or centrifugal. These four heads represent so many COSMIC TENDENCIES. They are to us the cardinal points on life's compass. They are not identical with any known forces, but by them all known forms of energy are oriented, so to speak; and in all such forms two of them are always simultaneously made manifest. For we know of no force that does not at once make for stability or change, and for conformation or variation.

If we turn to man, we find that all his actions—using the word in its widest sense—are either preservative or perfective in their

tendency. Whatever may be their immediate aspect, in the last analysis they are always traceable to the protection or the improvement of life. But it is not merely the life contained within that individual which is affected by them. From his birth man may be said to lead a dual existence. By reason of his origin, and regardless of any act of will on his part, he is at all times and forever both an individual being and a member of his race. There is no choice given him in the matter, and no more is it possible for him to be by turns one thing or the other. But although neither his personal nor his racial side can ever make itself felt independently of the other, yet either one of them may take relative predominance for the moment, or once for all, so that certain actions, or large portions of our existence, or our whole life, will be colored accordingly. And in this way the ultimate bearing of an action and the impulse underlying it may be promotive of self-preservation or race-preservation, of self-perfection or of race-perfection.

I have already indicated that there may be a discrepancy between the surface appearance and the actual inwardness of an action. In fact, the connection between the two is seldom evident to us, and only in recent time has man become aware that, in serving what seemed purely selfish interests, he might be furthering purposes lying far beyond the limits of his own being. Life has a shrewd way of leading us blindfold toward our goal by making us accept her means as ends in themselves. To make doubly sure of her purposes, she has established a system of rewards and punishments designed at once to tempt and to scare us into obeying her promptings. She has done this by planting within us certain desires and fears intimately connected with certain capacities for pleasurable and painful sensations. These are the tangible springs that move us.

Through the long ages that lie behind him, man has not been eating with a conscious purpose of safeguarding life, but to escape the pangs of hunger and to enjoy the sweet

taste of food. He has mated not to save the race from extinction, but that he might experience the sweet transports of passion while avoiding the burning madness that follows unrequited love. These examples are chosen from the simplest available for the illustration of the goads and brakes devised by life to further what helps it and to check what harms it. If we know to-day that we are being lured on toward subtly hidden ends, it is because life's road to perfection invariably leads from unconsciousness through brute consciousness to reasoned consciousness of self and race.

By studying the superficial phenomena of human life in the light of these newly revealed inner meanings, we are led to conclude that the groups of forces at work for the preservation and perfection of individual and racial existence are represented within us by certain dominant impulses, certain MASTER INSTINCTS, that stamp and guide and utilize the incessant flow of impressions,

thoughts, and emotions of which our self can almost be said to consist.

These instincts are four in number, and for purposes of easy identification I have ventured to name them the WILL TO BE, the WILL TO LOVE, the WILL TO DO, and the WILL TO RULE. They manifest themselves in the race as a whole no less plainly than in each one of its individual members. They are the guardians, if not the arbiters of our destiny. They are the inner, inspired voices that speak with an authority not to be disregarded; the voices that pick our course and tell us where the reefs lurk, and where lie the deep, safe waters. They are impulses fraught with the power and dignity of passions that sway man's soul as the stormwind rocks, and at times even rends, the tree. Characterizing them roughly, I might say that the Will to Be stands for self-preservation, or conflicting order; the Will to Love for race-preservation, or associative order; the Will to Do for self-preservation, or conflicting

progress; and the Will to Rule for race-perfection, or associative progress.

According to psychology, our whole conscious existence is determined, first, by the varying power of things to interest us; and secondly, by our ability or inability to concentrate our attention on any one thing that interests us. What does not interest us makes no impression on us and provokes no response. Reason is supposed to decide what is and is not worthy of attention. On closer investigation we find, however, that nothing really interests us which does not affect our own welfare in some way, for good or bad. And we find also that the office of stamping encountered phenomena as favorable or unfavorable, as "good" or "bad," does not rest in reason but with the master instincts. Reason speaks with authority only when it makes itself the mouthpiece of their urgings or warnings. It used to be held beyond all questioning true that our real self, our soul proper, was that in us which KNOWS. Now philosophy, led by the new psychology, in-

clines more and more toward a conviction that, if any faculty or function or part of us can be deemed particularly expressive of our self—of that which makes men of us and sets us apart from all the rest of the universe—it is that in us which WILLS. Not inaptly has it been said that we are what we will—and we will what the instincts warn us to prefer among all offered possibilities.

For this reason we find that while an endless number of things interest us because of the whispered advice from those ever wakeful watchers within, this profusion is sure to include certain exceptional phenomena forming a class by themselves and exercising an attraction not possessed by the rest of the throng. Everything else dwindles into insignificance beside their superior claim to attention, and nothing else has an equal power to raise our impulses to passionate willing. Here we have that central interest which the individual finds irresistible even under normal conditions and which often assumes proportions of mania when conditions become

abnormal. This preoccupation with certain interests to the exclusion of all others indicates which master passion is supreme within.

Of the two preservative instincts, the Will to Be and the Will to Love, much need not be said here because they have long been known and are now comparatively well understood. Subservient to the former is everything in our life that makes for its own protection. It leads us to seek nourishment and shelter, to avoid danger, and to defend ourselves against enemies of every kind. But much less easily recognizable emotions and tendencies can be traced to it. Revenge, for instance, is a disguised safeguard of existence, although in its composition other elements may enter. How far the ramifications of the Will to Love reach, and how much in our relationship to other men may emanate from it, is not easy to tell, nor does that matter concern us here.

Even to-day it is common among scientists and philosophers to lead our entire being, with all its crudest and subtlest activities,

back to the never-resting pressure of those two "elementary" or "primary" instincts, of which, for instance, J. Arthur Thomson says: "Hunger and love solve the world's problems." They are, of course, conditional to any other tendencies, and from this viewpoint seen, there is even a difference in importance between them, the Will to Be being presupposed in order that the Will to Love may have a chance to assert itself. By reason of their proximity to the very roots of being, they have been able to impress their passionate, warlike spirits lastingly on human nature. Thanks to their influence, wielded without serious interference through mankind's childhood and youth, we are at this advanced age thinking largely in terms of fighting. It is particularly difficult for us to deal with functions related to self-preservation and race-preservation except in ways reminding of the battles and the bloodshed that grew inevitably out of their exercise. And it is interesting to note that our conception of the dramatic quality is indis-

solubly tied up with the idea of hostile conflict.

But while the preservative instincts have long been honored as master motives of human nature, to which all other impulses must yield precedence, it is only in comparatively recent ages, and with the growing assurance of personal and racial existence, that the perfective forces have had a chance to reveal their true power and importance. It is not surprising, therefore, that they have remained overlooked, or else misunderstood, so far as their presence in the general scheme of life was recognized at all. That such should be the case seems the more natural because the Will to Do and the Will to Rule are much less strenuous and picturesque, both in aspect and object, than the fundamental instincts. They are also, in comparison with the latter, less indispensable; but on the other hand they must—in the light of modern knowledge—be counted higher, more spiritual, and nearer to the ultimate purposes of life.

Moved by them, man seeks to excel instead of to conquer. Under their influence system takes the place of confusion, emulation that of conflict. While they could make themselves felt only at rare moments and faintly, man was man's natural enemy wherever ties of blood had not established a bond or a truce. Combination occurred only under the pressure of common danger or extreme need, and then generally along lines prepared by the Will to Love. History tells us, however, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, that the line of human development runs steadily, even if slowly, from a stage in which dissension and war are natural conditions to one in which universal peace and collaboration seem equally natural. This progress is at once the cause and the result of the increasing prevalence of the perfective instincts. For not only are they productive of actions that call for no sanguinary strife, but such strife is rendered less necessary and more repulsive by the improvements they work in man and in human

institutions. Led by their generous promptings, we seem to be gradually forging ahead toward a stage where all men will meet in love by reason of their common manhood alone.

The Will to Do and the Will to Rule are the main factors making for specialization and for organization. Apart or together, they produce at once individual innovations and the racial assimilation of these through imitation; and this notwithstanding the fact that one of their main characteristics is their identification with gratuitous and seemingly purposeless effort. Actual uselessness has no place in life's economy except as an abstraction of the human mind, and it is quite in keeping with what we know of life's spirit that the usefulness which lies hidden in a remote distance shall prove the more real and lasting one in the end. Necessity—taking the term in the sense of an imperative demand for the satisfaction of immediate needs—has long been held responsible for all those deviations from the beaten track which

we class under the common head of inventions and which constitute at once the inspiration and the mark of progress. In reality, however, necessity is conservative, niggardly, and lacking in imagination as well as in enterprise. It stands for a minimum of exertion and for existence on a low plane. Not until life has been secured and love has had its hour, not until need and desire are silenced, can man hear and heed those less loud but not less insistent voices that forbid him to rest satisfied with the bareness of brute being.

To reach an adequate insight into the nature of these gentler and more generous forces, we must bear in mind not only life's discreet way of luring us on to her hidden ends by means of some near-lying and outwardly insignificant incentive, but also that universal process of evolution which embraces functions and instincts and ideas not less than organisms and races and worlds. The Will to Do and the Will to Rule have grown marvelously in scope and depth and

meaning since that dawn when they were nursed on scraps of leisure time and unspent energy left over after the preservative forces had taken their demands. They seemed then by-products of existence, devised, at the most, to prevent waste. But what began as a dumb hankering for diversion grew by degrees into a resolve to comprehend all creation; and what started as play has blossomed into heaven-aspiring efforts at the reconstruction of the world to suit our own desire. Then as now this held true: whether our search for entertainment took the humblest or the highest form, under the spell of it we were always with equal certainty, although not always with equal effect, engaged in the threefold process of improvement involving our own selves, the race, and the principle of life itself.

If we examine closely into the Will to Do, with which we are especially concerned here, several distinct moments will be found interfused in it: (1) a craving for occupation, which is not only general, but which

exists separately and inherently within every organ and faculty; (2) a positive incentive, taking the form of a strangely intense and gratifying sensation of increased vitality that goes with all expenditure of energy under normal conditions; (3) a negative incentive in the shape of a keen sense of discomfort following an accumulation of surplus energy; (4) an attraction exercised by every difficulty as such, regardless of any exterior advantage that may accrue from its overcoming. The last-mentioned element is particularly marked, probably because whatever is difficult constitutes in itself a challenge to our interest strong enough at times to command our attention even to the exclusion of matters pertaining to the protection and continuation of life. From the union of all the moments given above results a definite, and under certain conditions irresistible, tendency which primarily leads to self-expression through functional exercise suited to the temperamental idiosyncrasies of the individual.

We want first of all to raise our own being to its utmost potency of bodily and mental vigor, and to have the triumphant sense of being alive in a higher, more complete, more satisfying manner; we want to increase this feeling still more by stamping ourselves on other things; we want finally, and most of all perhaps, to escape ennui, boredom—a sensation of emptiness, of death-in-life, now recognized as not less acute and hardly less powerful than hunger or any other physical suffering. The immediate result of our surrender to this impulse might be called play-practice and play-production; the intermediate result is the improvement of all the faculties engaged; the final result, from our own view-point, is original and creative activity by which we obtain a satisfaction perhaps not surpassed by any other experience and to which, in the end, must be traced all human progress.

Exercise for the mere pleasure of exercising; sports and pastimes of every description; games, whether physical or intellectual;

dancing and chess-playing—these are some of the palpable manifestations of the Will to Do. But pursuits and proclivities of much higher order may be traced to it. The miser's greed and the collector's hobby have their origin in it. The student, the explorer, and the inventor are inspired by it. Our sense of beauty is based mainly on the pleasurable stimulation of vision and hearing, and the artist is moved by a craving to exercise hand and brain before he dreams of aspiring toward any ideals. To the play-practice of the intellectual faculties may be credited the achievements of the great thinkers of all ages. Wherever man is seeking new paths and new light, there this ubiquitous, never-resting impulse may be found at work. Wherever its promptings are disregarded or checked, there waits boredom and there lurks disaster.

Our emotional faculties require exercise in the same way as do our muscles and our senses, our memory and our imagination. For the understanding of life, and of any-

thing in which it is reflected, one cannot accentuate too strongly that the mere existence within us of a machinery for the production of a certain effect is in itself an impulse toward search for just that effect. And always we see life in the background with some subtly disguised purpose to be filled through the materialization of that effect. We are looking for pity, horror, awe, and even fear, first because we have been made capable of exercising those emotions, and next because through their practice we are trained into avoiding what is harmful and seeking what is helpful to personal and racial existence and growth. Here we have the partial explanation of phenomena so unrelated in appearance as the curiosity of a crowd at an accident and the patient attendance of an audience at a dramatic representation of sufferings and agonies from which every one would flee in panic, did they threaten to befall him personally. In such instances man is simply employing deputies for the double purpose of developing aversions and fears

that warn him away from paths fraught with destruction, and of strengthening sympathetic emotions that bind him more intimately to the rest of his kindred.

The emotions lead us by a natural transition into the realm of the Will to Rule, where they hold high offices. The name of this instinct must seem somewhat deceptive, but our analysis of it has not yet gone far enough to provide a more adequate designation. And its fundamental characteristic is undoubtedly a passion for power—but a power which presupposes combination and which has for its reverse that fear of isolation which makes even death seem welcome at times. In its widest aspect this impulse is a craving for the expansion of our own lives by their reflection in the lives of others. Where the other perfective tendency urges to self-expression independently of others, the Will to Rule makes us impress ourselves on others and thus to seek expression for the racial side of our being. It prompts to organization. It tends to level rather than to

distinguish, but it is a leveling upwards. It fills us with a desire both to excel and to conform with what we deem excellent. No matter how one-sided at the start, it makes in the end unfailingly for reciprocity.

While partly responsible at least for vanity and pretension, for arrogance and intolerance, for narrow class egoism and jingoism, the Will to Rule breeds ultimately ambition, loyalty, patriotism, and fellow-feeling for all humanity. Among those inspired by it are the moralist, the true statesman, and the martyr-pioneers of every great cause. And to understand how it wields its influence and achieves its purpose, we must remember that a reformer is first of all a man wanting to press his own ideas on his fellowmen—a man determined that other men shall do something to which they are not in themselves inclined. And when such a man prevails, or when he goes down in the struggle for what he deems right, the glow that burns and blesses his soul is the same one that fills an artist in the moment of supreme creation.

Of this force it may truly be said that it teaches us to obey in order that we may lead, and to lead in order that we may serve. For many reasons, but particularly because it cannot operate at all without numbers of men being concerned, it has in the past been more appreciated, though hardly less misunderstood, than the Will to Do, which it has helped to obscure.

The evolution noticed in the dominant impulses themselves may be defined as a process of idealization, corresponding closely to that observed in all other forms of life. In the main, this development has led from the indefinite to the definite, from the simple to the complex, and from blind drifting to self-realizing foresightedness. Each time the horizon receded a little further, the truth became more evident, that the larger interest embraces the smaller one. Long ere this perception had passed from the subconscious to the conscious regions of our being, it had laid the basis for that seemingly paradoxical attitude which we term unselfish and disin-

terested—an attitude which perhaps might be defined as the recognition by a narrower self of an integral connection with another self moving on a higher and wider plane. But it is not only the perfective forces that have displayed this irresistible tendency away from their primitive and selfish beginnings. The law seems to be that every slightest advance achieved by any one instinct must sooner or later produce a corresponding advance in all the others.

Even the Will to Be has moved along with the rest and is now something entirely different from what it once was. Starting as a mere will to feed, a passive, defensive, shrinking impulse seeking the safety of life in flight or seclusion, it became, as the ages passed on, a will to fight and responsible for a daring wholly different from that animal courage which is in reality nothing but ignorance or desperation. The Will to Love, which was at first confined to sex-passion, has become an intercourse of souls not less than of bodies, a passion to give rather than

to take. Out of a mere will to play, which still survives among our children in almost original simplicity, has sprung that proudest and most ambitious of man's desires—the will to create. And what was once indeed a will to rule is steadily transforming itself into a will to lead in service.

The mutual influence of the master instincts upon each other seems to have been exerted more frequently and more effectively through hostile contest than through peaceful interaction. But whether combining or clashing, they have always been, and will always be, arrayed in pairs, the preservative forces joining hands against those making for perfection, or racial and personal instincts facing each other. Thus we discover no single combats, but instead battles of two against two, each instinct taking now this side, and now that, as the line of battle happens to be drawn. These struggles for equalization of rights rather than for complete supremacy have never resulted, nor will they ever result, in the undisputed sway

of any one instinct or set of forces. In their character of first comers, and having the support of custom—which is probably the most conservative social factor known to us—the preservative instincts have done most of the domineering, while, with equal frequency, the Will to Do and the Will to Rule have acted the part of rebels to obtain a reasonable share in the control of that central motive which is life-determining for the individual as well as for the race. With the ascendance of one set of contestants or the other, the emphasis has been laid on individual difference or racial identity, on man's blind trust in whatever has become familiar or his eager search for variation.

If we glance back through the ages in an endeavor to gather the results of these incessant see-sawings into a comprehensive perspective, our vision divulges an endless series of alternating static and kinetic periods. The latter are marked by outward immobility and inward activity, by a restless projection of ideas and ideals not yet em-

bodied in external changes, and, as a rule, also by a pressure from the racial toward the personal side of man. The static periods, on the other hand, stand for readjustment and assimilation, for tangible application of the ideas and ideals emerging victoriously from the preceding kinetic period, and, finally, for a strong current toward the racial side of existence. Perhaps I may shed clearer light on their comparative significance by saying that the kinetic phases of the world-movement are primarily rhythmical, dealing with relations in time, while the static phases are chiefly harmonic and concerned with relations in space.

Ideal existence requires that each life instinct fill its place and no more. Toward such a condition man is everlastingly striving, only to meet everlasting disappointment. To live is not "to have got there," but "to be getting there." The very necessity for adjustment is a sign and a condition of wholesome being. No sooner is equilibrium approached than it must be upset in

order that its reëstablishment may be undertaken on a higher plane. Thus we cannot wonder that the disproportionate assertion of an instinct at the expense of another, or to the momentary exclusion of all the others, is a case of common occurrence, and yet one that invariably turns life aside from its well-worn grooves. These deviations from the normal—or rather from the commonplace—may convert a man into a maniac or a martyr, a brute or a genius, but they are sure to set him apart from other men as one through whom the life spirit has spoken with a louder voice and a clearer accent in order that all mankind may listen and learn. Out of such individuals comes poetry—whether it be made BY them or ABOUT them.

The brief outline given here shows no feature of the relationship between the instincts or of their inner development to have greater importance from man's view-point than the incessant manifestation of two all-pervading tendencies: one making for a transfer of influence from the preservative

to the perfective forces, and the other for a shifting of emphasis from the physical to the spiritual side of life. These parallel and closely allied movements from a lower to a higher level have been accompanied by a mutually modifying interaction between the dominant impulses within and all those natural, racial, and social circumstances which we group under the term of ENVIRONMENT. As man has altered and grown, so has everything connected with him—material surroundings, customs and habits, institutions and laws, ideas and ideals.

Everywhere these changes have followed the same lines. Using terms of common acceptance we may be said to have moved from lawless militarism to organized industrialism; from combination based on force toward combination based on voluntary consent; from a society built on physical superiority, through one centred in superiority of possession, toward one expressive of spiritual superiority; and lastly, from accepted and approved racial tyranny to individual self-

assertion. The specific results of this general development which concern us here are: (1) a decline in the practice and prestige of physical fighting; (2) a decrease in the intensity of individual conflicts; (3) a lessening of the hazards of living; (4) a great increase in the number of persons commanding spare time and energy; (5) an increased accentuation of the personal side of life; (6) an advancement of woman toward intellectual and emotional equality with man.

If we consider, not exceptional periods or places or people, but civilized mankind everywhere and in all ages, it may safely be asserted that until recently all but an insignificantly small number of men used to be completely engrossed with the support and protection of life. Fighting was the one manly, honorable, and profitable occupation. Relief from it was found only in love—another kind of war then—and in coarse material pleasures. The perfective forces could not assert themselves except in their most selfish and primitive forms, and even so

merely when they helped to make man more fit for fighting and loving. The scant host of those who cherished and practiced self-expression in its higher forms did so in an apologetic manner, as if they were guilty of tastes unworthy of grown-up people. But as it was, life seemed full and good to most men, partly because an overwhelming majority of those having a voice to make themselves heard found their time well filled with congenial pursuits, and partly because few had reached a sufficient spiritual development to render them sophisticated in their interests.

Among innovations brought by our own time perhaps the most striking have been law-guarded peace, machine-made prosperity, widespread education, and democratic ideas. To many they have meant less things to do with more time to do them in. The number of those not having to exert themselves at all for a living has been swelled enormously. Physical fighting has gone out of fashion. The fight not only for but with

money has proved void of fascination when not taking the form of gambling. At the same time it has served still further to enlarge the leisure classes. When the changed order first made itself felt, those whom it stripped of their former occupations rushed with renewed eagerness to love and material pleasures, seeking salvation where they had found diversion under more primitive conditions. Once more, as under somewhat similar conditions in Athens, Rome, and France, the gratification of sexual desire became life's most absorbing concern to vast numbers of men.

This new attempt to subsist on life's sweets alone led more quickly and more inevitably to nausea than any preceding one, for in the meantime man had learned much about the outer world and himself and his own possibilities which he did not know before. Not only a few inspired individuals but large numbers of ordinary men had begun to think for themselves and to apply the thoughts of others, now made easily

accessible. In the new light, and with new faculties clamoring to be used, the old pastimes and pursuits could only seem futile and puerile. Add also that woman had begun to develop a life of her own rendering her unwilling or unfit to remain man's mere toy or shadow. It was then boredom became epidemic and gave birth to modern pessimism—to that *weltschmerz* or *pain of living,* which was wholly foreign to the ancients. It was then cynicism and skepticism grew fashionable. It was then that life and literature alike became smitten with that decadence which sees in ennui not only something inevitable but a mark of intellectual superiority, and in the cultivation of make-believe passions the sole object of true art.

But it was at this time, too, that the perfective forces found their supreme opportunity. Within the last century they have assumed an importance often equaling and sometimes surpassing those of the primary instincts. Not only through the artist, the student, or the reformer, but through thou-

sands upon thousands of comparatively commonplace human beings, have these forces, and especially the Will to Do, been heard to speak with the compelling voice of passion. More and more has man come to feel that the one object warranting any sacrifice—even of life itself—is the joy of being himself to the utmost potency by the full and free exercise of every faculty within him. More and more has he come to believe that without this ultimate joy added, life is not worth living and love nothing but a quickly passing intoxication.

If with this new outlook upon life relief has not come, the chief cause lies in the fact that the outward expressions of man's life, such as customs and institutions and ideals, change more slowly than the individual, so that after a time they become obstacles to his further progress. Many a man seeking sincerely for the one remedy that could help him has perished for lack of courage or strength to break out of the imprisoning ruts. And it is above all with the unheeded

or misunderstood struggles of the perfective forces to find soul-satisfying outlets in spite of all dams reared by tradition and convention that modern man is sick.

To cure this sickness, and to reach once more something like reasonable harmony between the outward forms of our existence and the spirit speaking through them, it is necessary that we complete the change in our attitude toward all being which began with the appearance of an evolutionary world-conception. Once we were wont to seek life's purpose in some agency or existence of a supernatural order. From those early dreams we have been gradually weaning our reluctant minds, and proportionately we have come to accept life's purpose as lying within itself. At the same time, however, we have needlessly narrowed our view of that purpose by taking it to include nothing but the mere preservation of the vital principle. Yet the very idea of evolution seems inseparable from that of endless growth. And until we recognize such growth into forms

and forces of ever-increasing perfection as the higher and more essential part of life's purpose, we shall not have mastered the full truth of which evolutionary philosophy is the bearer. Only by the mastering of that truth and its application to all that we think or do can we gain the peace of soul that results from a willing surrender to life's innermost spirit.

NEW UNDER THE SUN?

FROM THE LIFE URGE TO THE LIFE SPIRIT

SINCE time immemorial the most deep-reaching distinction known to the human mind has been that between spirit and matter. For more than two thousand years idealistic philosophy and materialistic science have vainly tried to reduce either one of those fundamental principles into a mere appearance—a delusive creation of our mind or our senses—by proving the other one exclusively possessed of valid reality. To-day, however, as on the first day when man thought of them, his mind perceives them at once juxtaposed and interwoven, inseparable and inconvertible. And though more and more inclined to hold them complementary aspects of some underlying oneness, which he names variously in accordance with habit and temperament, he is forced by accuracy as well as by expediency to accept them as

parallel realities of equal validity, scope and duration.

The farther man recedes from his former dogmatism, the more clearly he perceives, on one hand, that all consciousness is merely a higher form of energy, while all energy foreshadows the consciousness toward which it tends; on the other hand, that reasoning itself—the highest known form of conscious activity—includes both material and spiritual moments. It is dawning upon him, at last, that his soul no less than his body has been developed by evolutionary processes; that, as in everything else, so, too, in the gradual unfolding of new vital forms through the countless æons, spirit and matter remain indissolubly interdependent. As the ancestral line of organic matter runs unbroken from the simplest unicellular creature up to man, so there runs a corresponding line of descent from the blind reflex-actions of the proto-cell to the seemingly superhuman imaginings of messianic genius. In the light of these new revelations man must now reconstruct all

prevailing ideas as to the spiritual aspect of his own existence.

Modern science has practically established the fact that no psychological phenomenon lacks its physiological counterpart. Our most fleeting thoughts and moods are now supposed to be accompanied or caused by physical changes of some sort. Naturally enough, therefore, it has been asserted and largely accepted as true, that every physiological activity must show a psychological counterpart. Even such automatic functions as circulation and digestion are now thought to be paralleled by veritable spiritual overtones, which, however low they may rank on the conscious scale, nevertheless claim kinship to the higher mental processes. It follows, then, that nothing in our life is purely material or spiritual. But it follows also that consciousness must mean many things instead of only one. No longer does the soul live an independent life in aristocratic seclusion devoted entirely to "ratiocination." No longer does the old chasm yawn between

our intellect and our senses, or between our "noble" sentiments and our "degrading" needs and desires. No longer may we stamp this function as material and that as spiritual—one brutelike, to be ashamed of; the other "divine" and a source of pride and conceit.

In the light of our new knowledge we must contend that the energetic side of every vital expression, from the involuntary twitching of a muscle to the formulation of a philosophy or the willing to sacrifice life itself for an idea, is an integral part of a coherent mass of consciousness. This spiritual equivalent of the physical body is at bottom homogeneous. It has its variations and gradations, but these are all tied together in mutual relationship and dependency. It has its hierarchy of functions, but none of these may claim an origin wholly different from the rest or an existence apart from theirs. As our completed body presents an epitome of all past material development, so our soul comprises all the past

not only of the human race but of all life. As those more or less advanced and complicated cell-specializations which we call organs connect us with this or that outlived evolutionary level, so the soul is a mosaic including fragments of every spiritual phase through which life has passed on its upward road. And as our individual growth from conception to maturity repeats the whole history of organic form in a series of symbolical abbreviations, so the soul, in its growth, retraces the full course of life's spiritual advance from automatic reaction to rational willing.

This general course of evolutionary progress—life's highroad to perfection—leads invariably from automatic unconsciousness through unreasoning consciousness to rational consciousness of self and race. Three distinct levels of existence are here clearly indicated: the unconscious, the conscious, and the self-conscious. These stand at once for stages of transition through which all life has to pass in majestic, irreversible pro-

cession, and for permanent states between which life in its entirety is at all times distributed. They foreshadow all that is to come while reflecting all that has ever been. Within each one of them the other two lie hidden. Thus all life seems wrapped in one vast, multiform identity, reminding us of Emerson's words: "There is no fact in nature that does not carry the whole sense of nature." Every lower form, this means, bears within it the seeds of higher ones yet to be born; and these, in their turn, not only paraphrase preceding models in their own construction and conditions, but actually continue to exist in part upon those lower levels which their essential portions have outlived. The main cause of this involved arrangement seems to lie in that economy (or parsimony) of life which demands that a more refined instrument be never employed for a purpose that can be accomplished with equal or greater efficiency by a more primitive, and therefore cheaper, one. While new faculties and attributes are constantly fash-

ioned to meet the new requirements of more advanced positions, we find always, side by side with these, the simpler agents of earlier date still at work within circumscribed but nevertheless indispensable spheres.

Even the blind attractions and repulsions of "lifeless" forms suggest not only the consciousness that is to come but also the two prototypal orders into which this higher force will forever be divided, according to the centripetal or centrifugal direction of its current. Beneath this division we discover the all-pervading opposition between those static and kinetic tendencies whose eternal conflict keeps the universe moving in orderly progress. Their interaction has its organic analogy in an alternating inflow of impression and outgo of expression. Under these two heads all vital activities fall in the last analysis. But at bottom all incoming (afferent) currents of consciousness reduce themselves to memory, or stored-up impression, while all outgoing (efferent) currents manifest choice or will. One of the two conscious

orders, then, is RETENTIONAL, and the other is VOLITIONAL.

In their embryonic stages, on the lowest level of life, will and memory are still merged in an indivisible automatic response to preferences that are at once inflexible and infallible. But every step they take away from that starting point brings with it a gain in freedom balanced by a proportionate loss of precision. Thus the second, or conscious, level of existence is primarily characterized by its possibility of mistaken choice and its subsequent modification of choice through reference to previous mistakes. Moved by retained impressions of error, or choice-determining experience, life on this level develops three progressive degrees of conscious intensity, which from then onward remain coexistent in such manner that they supplement without superseding each other. We find them embodied in activities and qualities located, respectively, in the single cell or specialized cell-group (organ), in the sub-cerebral nervous system, and in the

brain. Thus we arrive at certain lasting distinctions that set apart, on one side, successive groups of increasingly conscious organisms, and, on the other, groups of functions and faculties existing side by side in the highest of these organisms.

Man, who is the one being known to have realized his identity apart from the rest of the universe, inherits from the preceding vital stage the distinctions just described; and through their specifically human manifestations the three universal levels find their reflection within him. For man, to be man, must at all times and through all time divide his entire being between three LIFE PLANES that mark at once inconvertible states of simultaneous existence and successive stages along the onward course he has to pursue individually and collectively. On these planes he must live in such fashion that some portions of his being belong exclusively to one or the other of them, while other portions pass back and forth, either in swift, irregular oscillation or in measured, definite progress.

And although he can never wholly desert any one plane, or occupy one to the total exclusion of the others, he possesses a limited discretion as to how much of his time and energy shall be devoted to each of them. Whether he choose or fail to exercise this discretionary power, however, the emphasis of his existence—its central interest—must at any and every moment rest within one of the three planes, while the other two remain in relative subordination. In so far as we are able to note the frequency and intensity with which each plane receives this vital emphasis, we are also able to determine the plane on which a man may truly be said to live. That plane furnishes the dominant motive of his life. Only on that plane is he fully himself.

Whether we consider the life of an individual or of the whole race, and whether we consider such life at any one moment or continuously through any length of time, we find its sum total of vital activity distributed between certain faculties and functions that

range themselves into two distinct but mutually dependent series of conscious attributes. In its entirety, each such series is expressive of one of the two prototypal orders of incoming and outgoing consciousness. In the attributes, of which there are three in each series, corresponding life planes are made manifest. The relative position of each attribute is determined by its degree of conscious intensity and inclusiveness. Thus every man may be expected to possess three kinds of will and as many kinds of memory. The attributes in the retentional series are: SENSATION, or localized impression; EMOTION, or generalized impression leading to vital valuation; INTELLECT, or centralized impression leading to causal interpretation. Their volitional counterparts are: INSTINCT, or expression following directly upon impression; IMPULSE, or expression preceded by vital valuation of local impressions; and WILL, or expression based on synthetic correlation of sensation, emotion and intellect.

There are, then—to sum it all up—three

universal levels of existence between which all known life is distributed. The first of these is ruled by unconscious energy, the second by conscious life, the third by self-conscious spirit. Each level is subdivided along lines reflecting the universal distinctions. Thus we get three interdependent human life planes, representing at once simultaneous states and successive stages. Each plane is characterized by a distinct degree of consciousness. Each such degree is embodied in a retentional attribute, which, in turn, determines a volitional counterpart. By reference to the attributes in the former of these two series of conscious orders, we arrive at the following designations for the three ever-present and all-embracing phases of normal human existence: (1) THE SENSUOUS PLANE; (2) THE EMOTIONAL PLANE; (3) THE INTELLECTUAL PLANE.

I believe it to be a universal law that every form marking a vital advance begins as a negation of the form from which it sprang

and develops through conflict with its parent. Each life plane may, indeed, be said to have started negatively and to have acquired positive qualities by slow degrees only. Thus every plane is still inhibitive in relation to its predecessor and stimulative in relation to its successor. As we pass from instinct through impulse to will, we notice that a progressive gain of inhibitive power is offset by a proportionate loss of stimulative intensity. Furthermore we observe, on one hand, a gradual substitution of enduring for explosive volition; and, on the other, an increasing projection of motives beyond the immediate moment and man's narrower, more material self.

Perhaps nothing serves better to illustrate the direction in which life is constantly moving than an excessive lowering of our stock of vital energy through sickness, fatigue or worry. The inevitable result is a sinking below our normal plane of existence. The tendency may be resisted, but will certainly make itself felt. And the unfailing signs of

every such backsliding are morbid self-pity and shattered self-control. For every advance achieved by man has meant, and must always mean, an added gain in self-control accompanied by a farther removal from his primitive self-centration. Thus humanity has been carried irresistibly, though never abruptly, from swift instinctive reactions to careful but often unavailing decisions; from blind preoccupation with the palpable needs of the passing moment to world-embracing farsightedness; from egoistic seclusion to more and more complete identification with widening rings of universal existence; and, lastly, from conservative plodding along time-worn and largely chance-discovered ways to deliberate venture into untried paths suggested by an ever-deepening insight into the nature both of man himself and of the enclosing cosmos.

On the lowest human plane life is practically synonymous with action. Language itself began with verbs and not with nouns. Metaphorically speaking, sensuous man is

forever "on the run" or lost in dreamless slumber. The meanly selfish needs of the moment furnish his main impetus. Of heart-yearnings or of confounding scruples he is utterly ignorant. For activities imperatively demanded by his environment and station of development he is conspicuously fitted, but if confronted with any task or problem not directly related to the preservation of individual existence, he becomes reduced to hulking helplessness or inane rage. Acquisition and isolation are the keynotes of his whole being. He knows of no motive lying outside of himself: in fact, he sees nothing but his own self set against the indifferent background of a few dim and fleeting glimpses of the surrounding world. Mentality he must be granted in a degree, or he would not be man, but it hardly carries him beyond alogical perception. Consequently he clings obstinately to the habitual rut that saves him from thinking. And what volition he has implies little more than a blind proclivity to

react along familiar lines that were originally laid out for him by life itself.

Through age-consuming processes of adaptation to new vital problems, emotion has gained a kinetic power surpassing at times even that of pure instinct. But everything we now call passion began nevertheless in the form of cautious protests uttered by the incipient collective selfishness of the organism against the still more fortuitous egoism of single cells or cell-groups. The subsequent expansion of the emotional appeal far beyond the limits of the individual must be traced back to the differentiation of sex and the resulting extension of self-feeling to include other organisms and objects. For this reason it is not to be wondered that sexual affection so frequently is mistaken for the sole typical manifestation of passion.

What emotional man has gained in freedom and scope of expression he has lost in directness and efficiency of movement. Prompted principally by desire, his volition is not a willing, in the full sense of the term,

but an impassioned choice which, although not quite blind, yet leaps incessantly at unreasoned conclusions as to good or bad. Through his growing perception of outwardly spreading waves of effect, he has learned to look a little into the future and past the periphery of his own self for results. And without being conscious of it, his attention turns inevitably to vital valuations in such manner that he is made aware of a vast enclosing world. Yet his attitude remains on the whole introspective, for he sees this world through his own self as through a colored glass. To all but a minor fraction of what lies without himself he feels opposed rather than related. And if his hostility exempt anything at all, it is merely because he has turned certain beings and objects into fictitious appurtenances of his personal existence. In such a secondary self-feeling all his supposedly unselfish expressions have their origin. But through this very process of sympathetic incorporation he becomes gradually capable of acting

on motives overlapping the limits of his own identity. Thus he is lured unsuspectingly through what might be named "relational selfishness" to a still less self-centred outlook, embracing ever larger portions of racial existence and racial welfare. He thinks, but teleologically instead of logically: to him truth is whatever serves as such for his personal ends or happens to meet the unforeseen emergencies of the moment.

The intellect is still overwhelmingly inhibitive and might indeed—could we observe it apart from all sensuous and emotional elements—be deemed antithetical to action. Such is the case chiefly because its horizons have receded so much farther both in time and space. But for this reason, too, the vacillation and futility clinging to existence on the highest life plane are more than offset by a clearness and penetration of vision that enables man to trace link after link of the magical chain of causation. The present becomes thereby inseparably connected with all the past and all the future, and he is made

to realize the community of interest that ties his closely circumscribed individual self to every other part of the universe, whether it be minute or immense, ephemeral or everlasting.

As a retarding factor, doubt takes the place of fear and sorrow with intellectual man; to move him, needs and desires must be translated into ideas. He is ever holding back in the hope of reaching a little nearer to the ultimate cause or utmost effect of each contemplated action, until he almost forgets that, after all, action alone is the final object of consciousness. And just because of this insistency to look far ahead rather than to the next step, he is the more likely to stumble. On the lower planes he had to stop at perception or valuation; now he goes on to comprehension and explanation, seeking to distinguish between truth and falsehood in ever-widening sense and measure. In every way his attitude is projective—just as emotional man is introspective and sensuous man retrospective—so that the whole wide world

and all the interminable ages are laid open to his vision. His own self is seen and read through the medium of the outside world. Yet he finds to an increasing extent the immediate causes for action within rather than without himself. Simultaneously his motives become more and more inclusive as he learns more thoroughly the lesson that he can have no true interest which is not, in the final analysis, common to all men and to all life. Slowly and steadily he is thus being led to that highest station, where, through the recognition of his own self as an inalienable and yet in a sense autonomous part of a greater, all-inclusive self, he becomes the possessor of a true will. Such a will, representing the summing up of the whole man into a single vital manifestation, must necessarily appear radical in its tendencies, because the mere exercise of it implies a possible substitution of new untried ways for the accustomed ones sought by instinct and impulse—ways that are suggested by his imagination and approved by his reason in-

stead of being handed down to him through inheritance or pressed on him by tradition.

The evolutionary process which leads to the superposing of one plane above the other continues at work within each of them after the appearance of the next one. Life grows not only from plane to plane, but the level of each plane is constantly raised by the general advance. Every forward step affects established not less than incipient phases of existence and must sooner or later produce a readjustment along the entire line. Of all such retroactive effects none is probably more important than the incessant raising of formerly submerged portions of sensuous and emotional being into the full light of intellectual consciousness. Our recent discoveries of phenomena designated as subconscious or subliminal offer striking illustrations of this tendency on the part of man's insight to penetrate what lies beneath it as well as what lies beside and beyond it, to turn inward upon itself as well as outward upon the surrounding world. The very fac-

ulties and functions typifying the life planes are thus subject to change and growth in accordance with directional tendencies previously outlined. If we grasp this fact firmly, we will be saved the common error of believing that instinct is the same at all times and everywhere, that emotional impulses never can have more than one bearing, or that will is will under whatever circumstance it be encountered. Once more it is brought home to us that life becomes intelligible only in so far as we are always ready to find difference running through all identity and identity underlying all difference.

The historical progress of man from plane to plane does not follow a straight line, but resembles rather the zigzag course of a tacking ship. The reason lies near at hand. Every onward pressure is the result of prolonged interaction, hostile or peaceful, between opposed but complementary principles. As one or the other prevails in turn, the momentary direction inclines now to this

side and now to that. Each tack represents an additional elimination of what is unessential and a further fusion of what is essential in the two contending principles. At the same time the completion of each tack moves the centre of vital gravity a little further forward along the mean line of advance. But no matter how far we push on toward perfection, or how far our imagination takes us back along the route already traversed by mankind, in one respect the results of our observations must always be the same: around us we shall find life operating simultaneously, although with varying emphasis, on all the three life planes; and behind us we shall find the life planes ranging themselves in chronological sequence, with the tide of life rising steadily from one to the other without ever leaving any one of them wholly deserted.

Always, therefore, our advance is at once comparative and definite; always its successive phases or periods are seen to overlap each other in such fashion that there is no

telling just where one begins and the other ends; and always this advance is evidenced not only in man himself, but to no less extent in everything that springs from him or is in any way related to him. Thus we find his march from plane to plane unmistakably reflected in all those external embodiments of his spirit that we call institutions and customs, tastes and truths, sciences and arts, philosophies and religions. Viewed in this manner, history appears to us not as a mechanical adding of link to link, but as a gradual simultaneous unfolding of numberless telescoped forms—that is, as a complicated, continuous process which renders the periodical rewriting of all history a necessity, while at the same time it makes it easily conceivable that Plato may have beheld life stretching backward from his own time in pretty much the same way as we see it with two thousand more years added.

If from this retrospective survey we turn to a consideration of the part played by the

life planes in the individual existence of man as we see him to-day, we find them once more figuring in twofold fashion—in a time relation and a space relation, as it were—so that they make themselves felt at once as a certain order prevailing for the moment and as a series of changes already accomplished or still in progress. Psychically no less than physically every man has to rehearse the history of the race. At the moment of birth he can barely be called man, for the newborn child dwells exclusively on the lowest plane. Years have to pass before all the hidden seeds of emotional and intellectual being sprout into visible existence, and even when this point has been reached the centre of vital gravity remains for a long time near the bottom of the upward slope of life. During that earliest period as well as afterwards, the growth varies so much in speed, and it follows such devious ways, that no two men are likely to stay abreast of each other throughout life. Nevertheless it is possible to reach certain averages enabling us to ap-

proximate the length and character of the periods into which the completed lifetime of every normal man divides itself. We may, in a word, ascertain man's normal LIFE CURVE.

These periods are four. Roughly speaking, they end respectively at twenty, forty-five, sixty-five, and death. We may refer to them as childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. Considering the type rather than the specimen, the three first stages coincide closely with the years spent by the individual on the sensuous, the emotional and the intellectual planes. The transitions from one period to another are as a rule marked by acute and significant crises, and these are particularly accentuated in the lives of greatly gifted men. With such men, too, these critical passages are apt to occur in closer proximity to the average ages given above. The reason for this comparative regularity in the life-order of men commonly regarded as natural "freaks" must be sought, I think, in the overlooked fact that true

genius is, above all, supremely normal. The taint of diseased abnormality now too often attaching to it in public opinion may be referred partly to a small number of sensationally conspicuous exceptions, and partly to a confusion of the terms *average* and *normal.* The average man is supposed to be typical, and therefore normal. As a fact, he is neither. His very position at the mean of things is based on a failure to reach the utmost possibilities inherent in man during prevailing conditions—a failure, in a word, to materialize the norm. On the other hand, it is just because that norm comes nearest to a perfect embodiment in men like Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Balzac, Ibsen, Tolstoy, that the lives of such men are entitled to be regarded as normal: that is, as examples of what human life should be at its present best.

As a child, man is frankly and unreservedly self-centred. His one business in life is then to add sufficiently to his own being in order that it may be brought up to full material and spiritual stature. In all his

vital expressions he is instinctive, as he does not yet possess a will of his own—and this means that he is at bottom conservative, no matter how recklessly radical his actions may seem at times. When he pretends to a will, he may either be blindly obeying the mystic urgings of life or mirroring some other will that has appealed to his instincts as authoritative. And when he appears flighty and eager for novelty, the explanation is likely to lie in his lack of settled habits and his keen susceptibility to every outside influence. We are accustomed to speak of childhood as the specific period of growth. So it is in a sense, but only in a very limited one. For the growth of that first phase of visible existence aims merely at bringing man up to the level already established for him by preceding generations, while the growth achieved by mature manhood implies an individual development beyond that level as well as a raising of the collective level.

During the emotional period, man's life is principally determined by his preoccupa-

tion with sex relations of every kind. Instead of adding to his own organism, he is now experiencing the distinction between himself and all the rest of the universe, while at the same time he is studying the reflection of his own life in that of other beings. Thus he is led through the recognition of his own rights and bounds to a sympathetic realization of the rights and bounds of others. The central purpose of this phase might be described as association of related identities in common vital valuation—and out of such association springs all social organization. This period aims at stability rather than progress—for progress means a rising above the level already reached by the race. Whatever radicalism it may display comes not so much from a desire for change as from dissatisfaction with a change already started. It is, in fact, more conservative than either the preceding or the succeeding period, and for two reasons: first, because it has developed deeply rooted habits without having as yet acquired an outlook wide and wise

enough to overcome the pressure of these habits; and, secondly, because its advance from personal to relational motives means, for a time and to some extent at least, an increase rather than a decrease of selfishness. The man who feels himself the centre and moving spirit of all that he owns and who regards everybody related to him as part of his property, has merely spread his egoism over a larger space. And we must remember that the child is so self-engrossed that it does not even notice any opposition between its own self and the world, while the youth is constantly appalled and stirred into passionate expression by his sense of such opposition. In many respects, however, this period seems to us better balanced than the other two—an appearance that may be explained by the fact that it represents the nearest average of the advance achieved by man so far.

If hunger and love were actually life's only incentives, as has so often been asserted, then human existence should come to its

logical close at or about the age of forty-five. But so far from being done with life at that time, or life with him, man begins only then to live in the full sense of the term. In the fact that life runs on after having secured itself in the part as well as in the whole, and still more in the fact that it runs on with a different if not greater beauty—herein I find telling evidence that its highest and most essential purpose is indicated by the qualities and possibilities of mature manhood. Coming as the golden time of final growth that brings the glow of ripeness upon the fruit, this phase of individual existence corresponds strikingly in its innermost nature, in its motives and moods, to that something over-and-above, that generous heaping of the measure, which contradistinguishes the beautiful from the useful.

The approach of this epoch of man's life is heralded by disturbances recalling those of adolescence and yet differing from these in important respects. The youth thrills with mysterious longings and urgings that

make the limits of his being seem too narrow for his spirit. Mature man, having slaked his first eager thirst for living and loving, finds himself suddenly seized by strange doubts and fears and misgivings. All that his being has been based on until then seems to crumble under his feet. All that he has believed in, or thought part of his belief, is thrown under suspicion. His very faith in himself seems gone; nowhere can he find firm foothold: and all at once life seems unlivable. This is the time of all others for conversions, for sudden spiritual illuminings, and for desperate wrestlings with the Life Spirit, that may end in utter destruction or in triumphant conquest of a richer and more glorious life. This mysterious passage through misery and gloom, either to final darkness or to divine life, figures conspicuously in the biography of almost every man of genius.

When the dread moments of stress and storm have passed, a rare peace settles down upon the victorious soul, but heaven can be

no farther removed from hell than this peace from indolence or uselessness. The cries for bread and love being stilled—partly because the cravings back of them have been gratified, and partly because man has learned that he does not live fully on bread and love even when his fill of them be vouchsafed—that time arrives at last to which Plato referred when he said that it makes man "raise the eye of his soul to the universal light that illumines all things." The child and the lover, the soldier and the householder—these have existed and taken their departure: now the real man stands forth in all his human fullness as philosopher and poet, as statesman and prophet. To me the most soul-satisfying and sorrow-soothing of all conceivable thoughts lies in the possibility that human life may reach its crowning climax, its apex of usefulness and spiritual beauty, in an epoch that is generally—and above all in our own day—regarded as a desolate waste, stripped of everything supposed to make life worth living. Nor is this to me a

mere possibility, a dreamed ideal: no, indeed, I hold it a deeply true reality that may be experienced by any one who lives his life rightly.

The coming of this period cannot be hastened. It cannot be lastingly attained until the preceding, conditioning periods have consumed their due shares of time and energy. For it is among the inexorable rules of life that no phase of existence duplicates another, or can be missed out of the total scheme if life is to be complete, or may encroach upon another phase without serious consequence. Not wasteful elimination of a weaker by a stronger, but synthetic coordination of the best in everything and everybody, must be deemed the ulterior aim of life's innumerable conflicts. Only when the indispensable lessons in discipline and sympathy imparted by the two first periods have been thoroughly mastered can man proceed to that final lesson in impersonal insight which lies waiting for him along the

last stretch of his long upward climb. For he who has not lived and loved cannot lead.

To think that this period naturally stands for nearsighted conservatism—as happens so often at present—is to hold life itself responsible for individual failure to materialize all of mankind's potentialities. In our world of to-day we see only a small host of exceptionally favored men grow in a normal way to normal spiritual stature. An overwhelming majority never get beyond the emotional, or even the sensuous, period—if it be not in a few moments of intoxicated inspiration, during some crisis brought on by a great emergency or by extremes of joy or sorrow, and then merely to sink back again to their former low state as soon as the effects of the crisis have vanished. Long before forty-five ossification of the soul sets in as a rule. But from the evidence furnished by the little host of normal beings we may conclude that the period after forty-five is the one that makes true radicalism possible: a radicalism, that is, which rests on insight

instead of ignorance; which asserts itself in spite of individual habits and collective customs without losing sight of their importance as guarantees of orderly progress; and which, finally, recognizes the compelling need of innovation without ever craving novelty for its own sake. This is a radicalism of thought rather than of action. And not until he has acquired this capacity for carefully weighed deviation from the beaten track of tradition and convention can man be said to have attained a state of true volition.

The crisis that usually inaugurates man's arrival at full maturity should be named the "grand climacteric." Instead, however, this term is popularly applied to a later upheaval that occurs some time between sixty and seventy and was laid by the Greeks at sixty-three. It betokens that the highwater mark of the spiritual flood has been reached, and that the waters of life are about to retrace the route along which they rose, passing once more, but in reversed order, the stations

that marked their former progress. We have learned that later attributes and faculties are less firmly established and more quickly lost than those of earlier growth. In other words, when the decline of man begins, his latest acquisitions are the first ones to drop away from him. The period with which we are now dealing shows almost invariably a gradual retrogression—a sinking back, so to speak, to ideas and ideals, moods and purposes, that characterized the earlier stages of conscious life. It is hardly possible to read the biography of a great man without finding, toward the end of it, records of rather pitiful autumnal romances, of belated returns to conceptions and creeds long outlived, or even of recantations like the regret inspired in the aging Racine by his own masterpieces. Too frequently this period has been represented as one of actual decay. It need not and should not be so, for age resurveying the passions of youth and the instincts of childhood in the clearer light of manly experience can make many valuable

and wonderful discoveries. And, as Schopenhauer says, "it is only the old man who sees life whole and knows its natural course."

To the man who has lived fully and truly, death itself can be neither a menace nor a disgrace: it is only the ignoble and premature decline in anticipation of the inevitable that must be counted both a torture and an unnecessary acknowledgment of weakness. Though the eventide has to arrive, just as the morning had to come in its due time, need it be what so often we find it now: a denial of the best part of the life it terminates? Of course, it is of small use to dream about the abolishment of physical death. More probable seems the prolongation of life far beyond its present term, and this may, or may not, prove a boon. But what man certainly may strive for, and with no little hope of fulfillment, is that the final crisis be postponed as long as possible, that life remain strong and sweet to the very last, and that his sunset be beautiful as his sunrise.

In the relationship of the life planes to each other and to life as a whole, we have, then, a universal model on which is patterned not only the life history of man, as an individual and as a race, but of everything that has or may come within his cognition. As runs the course of man's life, so run also the life courses of all organic forms, phases and conditions; of social customs and institutions; of spiritual forms and tendencies, and of individual beliefs and ideas. All have to pass through similar sequences of complementary stages—stages that are marked in turn by processes of concentration, specialization, and correlation.

Besides the surrounding world of facts, man has also to deal with a secondary, but nevertheless supremely important, world of ideas—a world which man has created OUT OF and FOR himself. To the primary world, of which man himself is an integral part, it bears a relation analogous to that which the collective consciousness of the race bears to

the consciousness of the individual forming part of it.

In this derived world, too, the life planes make themselves felt, finding their most typical expressions in those conceptions of beauty, worth, and truth that are embodied in art, morals, and philosophy—that is, in sensuous, emotional, and intellectual interpretations of life. From their relative positions in this hierarchy, it does not follow that art must forever remain exclusively sensuous, or that philosophy be doomed to deal with nothing but metaphysical abstractions. Here as elsewhere evolution tends to produce a synthesis—a correlation and coördination such as Ibsen must have had in mind when he expressed the belief that "poetry, philosophy, and religion will be welded together into a new category and a new vital force, concerning which the living generation can have no clear idea."

Of all the facts hitherto made clear to us none stands out more conspicuously than the

position of man's will at the apex of vital activity. To this supreme utterance all the rest of life leads up, so far as we are now able to judge. Just as sub-human existence seems to press onward from level to level only that man may appear at last, so man seems to climb from one life plane to another only for the purpose of becoming possessed of a will that ultimately represents THE SYNTHETIC COÖRDINATION OF ALL HIS FACULTIES IN SELF-CONSCIOUS EXPRESSION. Not only does the will stand for the highest phase of man's active nature, but it is that aspect of his being through which he influences and modifies the surrounding world, just as his passive, or retentional, side registers the impressions and modifications wrought upon him by the influence of that world. Thus each human will may, in theory at least, be regarded as a focal point toward which all preceding existence converges, and from which all subsequent existence diverges.

The moment we ask why this should be so, we pass beyond the limits of what is at pres-

ent deemed knowable. Of course, we are aware that the Life Instincts—those four fundamental forces which I have tentatively named the Will to Be, the Will to Love, the Will to Do, and the Will to Rule, and which make, respectively, for self-preservation and race-preservation, for self-perfection and race-perfection—are woven into our will like strands into a rope; so firmly, indeed, that sometimes it must seem as if those forces WERE our will. But in them we see, after all, merely the human equivalents of certain tendencies so universal in their presence and application that we are compelled to accept them as voices uttering the will of life itself.

Concerning the origin, nature and purpose of life in its entirety, we can never hope to obtain a definite knowledge like the one we have of our own inner processes. And all that we know of it so far relates to appearances only—to the results of life's restless activity. But out of what SEEMS TO BE we shape tentative conclusions, or "working

truths," as to what REALLY IS: as to LIFE. In the course of our multimillenary search for such truths we have thus accumulated evidence of a certain unity and determination of purpose that constantly recurs beneath the superficial aimlessness and haphazardness of all being—evidence that cannot be wholly disposed of by any amount of "wholesome skepticism."

For the sake of expedience, if for no other reason, we seem constrained by this evidence to formulate an ultimate "working truth," a theory more audacious and sweeping than all the rest—though, perhaps, neither more fantastic nor more far-reaching than the imaginary basing of existence on atoms, or on vortices formed by the ions of the ether. Alfred Fouillée, the French evolutionary philosopher, is only one of many modern thinkers who have declared that "a will moves through all nature."

If we accept such a universal will—tentatively, that is, and not as an "absolute truth"—we must picture it as a primal, pro-

tean force, pushing up from beneath rather than pulling at us from above; working at once IN and AT all that has being, and moving irresistibly toward its unknown goal WITH and THROUGH the creatures of its own inspiration. Its methods are experimental. To realize its own wants, it has to have them embodied in tangible form. Thus it reveals itself to us as a selective rather than directive principle, which has left the power of initiative, of experimental variation, to the creatures brought into being under its impetus.

Its remotest purpose so far revealed to us seems to be growth as growth—perfection that merely serves as stepping-stone to still greater perfection. And the principal measure of this perfection now known to us lies in capacity for effective adaptation to that process of interaction by which one vital agent or function is constantly pitched against another in such manner that they mutually check and urge each other on. The immediate result of this process we find in an endless series of individual differentia-

tions and collective assimilations that insure equally against stagnation and destruction. Indirectly it has led to the gradual establishment of higher and higher centres of identity, possessed of ever more intense and ever more inclusive forms of consciousness.

To create such forms capable of embracing ever-widening circles of existence—here we encounter another term of expression for that perfective motive which seems to rule all universal being lying beneath and behind our own focal position at the point where past and future meet. Is it then unreasonable to assume that this same motive will also determine the endless evolutionary development still awaiting its due embodiment? If not, then we are brought face to face with the inevitable conclusion that life's final goal, toward which, however unwittingly or erringly, it has always been and will always be aiming, must lie in some form of consciousness sufficiently intense and inclusive to contain the entirety of being within its processes of thought and feeling and will.

Looking upon the ever-shifting flow of existence from this view-point, we behold at the start as the *first cause*, not a God foreseeing all that is to follow, but a groping, chaotic force, an all-permeating and all-pushing vital principle—the "Will to Live" of Schopenhauer, the "Life Force" of Bernard Shaw, and the "Life Urge" of Henri Bergson. Turning our eyes into the future, toward the ultimate end of things, we surmise a Life Spirit still in the making—an all-knowing and all-dominant vital embodiment that has, at last, become clearly aware of its own methods and purposes. And universal being, as it unfolds itself through all the æons of restless growth, is then revealed to our rapt gaze as the unbroken, triumphant climb of that vague, primal force to the shining throne of godhood, of a divinity based on the all-embracing power of its consciousness. And our own will—fumbling and oft-thwarted though it be—is seen as an indispensable instrument shaped by life for the upbuilding of the great WORLD-

WILL toward which universal being is ever converging.

Only by the assumption—provisional or unconditional, as we happen to be more prompted by reason or by feeling—of some such unifying vital thread, of some all-pervading Life Urge making for the merging of numberless scattered points of consciousness into a single all-compelling Life Spirit, can we reach a rational and "workable" interpretation of life in its most mysterious and most essential aspects.

AN EVOLUTIONIST'S CREED

I believe that all being is the manifestation of a universal, unifying force that we call life.

I believe that life constantly seeks its own perfection through evolutionary processes that embrace every form of being.

I believe that the place of each form in the progress of life may be measured by the clearness and scope of its consciousness.

I believe that the highest known instrument fashioned by life for its own service is the human will.

I believe that, while all other creatures are blind tools, man alone is a conscious servant, to whom life has delegated some of its own freedom and responsibility.

I believe that, in the end, man must reach a state of consciousness so intense and so inclusive that it will carry his existence beyond its present boundaries in time and space.

I believe that this comparative immortality must be earned, and that it can be earned only through the closer and closer adaptation of man's will to the service of life.

I believe that life starts blindly, that it proceeds experimentally, and that it tends, always and everywhere, toward the final upbuilding of an all-embracing and all-compelling world-will.

I believe, in a word, that godhood is the purpose, not the cause, of all being, and that man's highest mission is to work consciously for the fulfillment of this purpose.

II

WILLIAM JAMES: A BUILDER OF AMERICAN IDEALS

WILLIAM JAMES was an unusually charming and lovable personality; a friend as few; a student without bias or fear; a born teacher; an artist possessed of a rare power to move and inspire. He was the modern American thinker whose name appears with greatest frequency in European works of learning. But he was something much more; a prophet in the highest sense—one of those epoch-making men in whom the advanced ideals of vast social groups and whole periods become articulate. The intellectual brilliancy which enabled him to see a little more deeply and to think a little more clearly than the rest of his generation would not suffice to explain his posi-

tion as one who, according to G. K. Chesterton, was "really a turning point in the history of our own time." For such an explanation we must bear in mind the presence within him, from first to last, of a living fire, a passionate attachment to real life, that made him a natural leader in—to quote his own words—"the long, long campaign for truth and fair dealing, which must go on in all the countries until the end of time."

Like most men, he had his sorrows and his joys, his rewards and his regrets. But, taking it all in all, his life would have been called uneventful by most men. There was an excursion into art during early youth; a tropical expedition under the great Agassiz somewhat later; and, throughout the entire initial period, the stirring influence of his father, the elder Henry James.

But the greater part of his life was almost wholly given up to quiet, patient, unostentatious study, leading him by degrees from chemistry through biology, medicine, physiology, and psychology to philosophy. And

for more than forty years his life was largely confined within the sheltered precincts of old Harvard—as student, instructor, assistant professor, and professor of psychology and philosophy. But, as the course of his life began to slope downward, while his spirit kept soaring to higher and higher altitudes, there came at last calls from the outer world, showing that men in many lands had caught his voice and felt its message.

His delivery of the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion at Edinburgh was pronounced one of the intellectual events of our time. Degrees and other honors poured in upon him—and with them came much ill-will and envy that showed even more patently how he was winning his way to enduring fame. There was, too, the great success of his books—strange and unexpected from the view-point of the worldly wise—and, lastly, the growing reverential silence among the mass of men whenever his voice was raised for their benefit. Who that gave heed can forget the way in which his lecture on "The

Energies of Men" spread like wildfire from coast to coast—the news of its worth passing from hand to hand; its message filling heart after heart with new courage and confidence?

Through it all his life retained its dominant tenor of watchful calm and quiet application. It seems almost paradoxical to say, and yet it must be put down as the truth: this man, whose sick heart early warned him of the end in sight, whose nerves at times seemed like wind-beaten strings, whose every glance and gesture was marked by the simple fervor of the child, and whose mental flexibility constantly reminded one of quicksilver—of this man it can and must be said that, at bottom, no quality characterized him more than a wonderful serenity of spirit, a beautiful soul-calm, that never let his innermost self be robbed of its supreme command.

I think it was this calm, and the unshakable faith in the final rightness of life underlying it, that lent to his eyes their unique quality. The first time I talked intimately

with him I could hardly think of anything but those eyes — now penetrating as sharpened steel, now blazing with glorious enthusiasm, now dim with sympathetic understanding, but mostly sweet and smiling and friendly as blue, sunlit lakes. In those eyes both the beauty and the strength of his soul were made manifest—both its utter humility and its divine assurance.

For like most men truly wise he possessed a personal modesty bordering at times on shyness. When I asked him once for permission to call in order to get some advice, he assented readily but with the addition of these words: "It makes me blush to hear that you expect any help from such a poor critter as I am." And when an American periodical printed an article in which I had tried to suggest his place in modern thought, the reading of it drew from him this humorous protest:

"I think the best thing for me to do now would be to shuffle off this mortal coil myself and leave a will instituting copies of your

article to be cast in bronze and erected in the principal cities of the United States. I wish I could *believe* you; meanwhile it is a beautiful fable in which persons at a distance may believe."

There was neither superficial self-deprecation nor hypocritical self-acclaim in those words. They were as genuine as they were characteristic of his spirit. And they meant simply that he regarded himself as a mere instrument for the discovery and utterance of truths reaching far beyond and above the inevitable foibles and faults of the individual. It was this spirit that made him keep his private life so completely out of view that, at the time of his death, not one of the many newspapers I scanned could mention the maiden name of his wife, while only one knew that his family included a daughter and three sons. But it was also that same spirit which enabled him, a man in the fullness of years and fame, to accord the name of master to a younger man and student,

Henri Bergson, as he did so freely and frankly toward the end of his life.

It seems peculiarly in keeping with this side of the man that his deliverance, in the classroom and on the lecture platform, should be—as one writer diplomatically described it—"unmarked by the ease which his literary brilliancy might have led his audience to expect." Rarely was a man more himself in speech and writing. For this reason, if for no other, oratory and polished fluency would have seemed as strange on his lips as peacock feathers on a hermit thrush. And if we analyze his style, we discover soon that, in spite of its world-wide and well-deserved fame, it was no more marked by mere formal elegance than his spoken word. What made it a white flame burning its way irresistibly into men's minds was not its premeditated perfection, but its complete unaffectedness. Thus it gave free and apt expression to his ever-present sincerity, his passion for bridging the chasm between soul and soul, and his power of imaging in clear-

cut outlines whatever his mind had made its own.

And the qualities that made his style went far to explain his remarkable success as teacher. Once, while paying a tribute to French lucidity and simplicity of utterance, he said that they could be obtained only through "a complete mastery of the subject." That was one part of his own strength. He never spoke or wrote of anything that had not been searched through and through by a mind at once pertinacious and imaginative. And for this very reason, perhaps, he never hesitated to admit doubt or ignorance, whether these pertained only to himself or were the lot of the race as a whole.

There was a more deep-lying factor, however, that went still farther in explaining the secret of the magnetism he exerted. It lay, I think, in his willingness and ability to place himself in sympathetic touch with the personality of every one he met. His psychic sensibility was as remarkable as his freedom from concern for his own superiority was

complete. Thus he met all people on their own ground without ever lowering himself—and perhaps there is no other trait that so wins and holds most human beings as this precious faculty of making them feel at home and on an equal footing in an atmosphere more refined than their own.

It is when we recall how his influence with the thinking few was not less than with the feeling many that we must take into full account faculties and gifts that I may have seemed to be slighting so far. He was eminently what Tarde has termed an "inventor" —a leader on unbroken paths, a formulator of more close-fitting truths. Thus he was one of the first who not only suggested the inseparable connection between mental and physical phenomena, but who actually demonstrated and applied it. He was the first to contend that what figures in our consciousness as emotion may be the result rather than the cause of the physical phenomena accompanying it: that, in a word, we may be feeling fear because we are trem-

bling when we think that our trembling is caused by the fear aroused in us. He was one of the first to act scientifically on the now commonplace fact that our "consciousness" is made up of much more than thought, and that will rather than reason stands for the highest and most comprehensive manifestation of the human self. And he was one of the very first to delve into the "subconscious" and to return from its confusing depths with discoveries that have radically altered and vastly enriched our entire conception of the human soul. In this connection it may be well to mention that his little den at Harvard in the '80's was the first psychological laboratory in this country and one of the first places in the world where the movements and tendencies of man's mind were made the object-matter of an independent science.

His chiefest characteristic as a thinker, however, was a comprehensiveness, a catholicity, an all-inclusiveness, that had its foundation not in any pedantic piling of fact

on fact, but in an intuitive penetration into the perennial many-sidedness of all being. Thus the man who was first among acknowledged scientists to find something of value in the gropings and rantings of the early "new-thoughters," was also able to speak understandingly of "how at the mercy of bodily happenings our spirit is"; and he who could fling into the face of rationalistic philosophy the assertion that "our moods and resolutions are more determined by the condition of our circulation than by our logical grounds," was the same one who had the wit and courage to define metaphysics as "an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly and consistently."

All in all, he appears to us a typical embodiment of that modern scientific spirit which bases its labors on a kinetic and relative rather than static and absolute world-conception, and which draws its main inspiration from a firm faith in the progressive tendency of the evolutionary processes. But the eternal flux of things was no more

vividly felt by his mind than the conviction that this flow is logical and orderly, full of meaning and beauty, and leading irresistibly from worse to better. It was this view of life that enabled him to combine the "wholesome skepticism" of the thinker with that whole-hearted enthusiasm of the reformer which prompted him to exclaim while championing an unpopular cause: "The Lord of life is with us, and we cannot permanently fail." For the author of "The Will to Believe" and "Varieties of Religious Experience" was one of the rare few who had fully realized, both that doubt and faith are equally essential to life, and that doubt is as fatal to right acting as faith to right thinking.

Few things illustrate his spirit better than the answer he gave when asked why he had spent more or less of twenty-five years in the despised field of psychical research, only to confess in the end that he was "theoretically no 'further' than in the beginning." His reply was: "To find balm for men's souls." He perceived truth-seeking as the

noblest task in which man might engage, but he felt also—and no less compellingly—that truth itself proves an empty nut unless it bears within it some palpable or probable contribution to human welfare. He wanted the truth concerning all "psychic" phenomena, if such truth were to be had. But he did not want it merely to flaunt it like a trophy brought home from the hunt. In this case as in all others, his heart spoke as plainly as his head. And it was his heart that filled him with a hot desire to temper that tormenting pain with which the normal human self has always contemplated the surrender of its own identity to the eternal flow of time and space. He had suffered that pain himself, and he was not ashamed to admit it.

It was natural that such a man should become a pioneer among those advocates of a new "humanism" who have striven for decades now to make man once more "the measure of all things." In his "Defense of Pragmatism" he complained that, "for 150 years the progress of science has seemed to

mean the enlargement of the material universe and the diminution of man's importance." And in the same place he told of a young man "who had always taken for granted that when you entered a philosophic classroom you had to open relations with a universe entirely distinct from the one you left behind you in the street."

The movement away from this attitude of academic exclusiveness and aloofness—a movement which James himself not long ago described as "a reaction against the abstract, and in favor of the concrete, point of view in philosophy"—is not confined to philosophy alone. It embraces science, art, ethics, religion as well. It is decidedly "in the air." And the issue it involves, wherever it makes itself felt, is whether any form of organized human activity—spiritual or material, educational or political—shall be accepted as a purpose in itself, or whether it shall be deemed and treated as merely a means to a still higher purpose, namely, that of human happiness. The answer to that question

James gave for himself when he declared that "in this real world of sweat and dirt, it seems to me that when a view of things is 'noble' (in the bad sense of being inapt for humble service), that ought to count as a presumption against its truth."

No phase of this world-embracing movement has been more violently attacked than the form of it to which James gave the name of "pragmatism." And the commonest as well as meanest manner of attack has been to present his standpoint as one of skeptical, not to say cynical, indifference. He said himself once that his "idealistic" critics had held the message of pragmatism to be that "any old opinion that pleases any one will do instead of real truth." Such an assertion is a clear falsification of the position assumed by James when he announced that "there can be no difference anywhere that doesn't make a difference elsewhere."

By his establishment of a pragmatic test for truth, he ventured simply to reaffirm the "moral" and "social" aspects of activities

long held self-sufficient and all but unrelated to the main currents of life. He dared to insist that emotional and moral judgments on "good" and "bad" are more fundamental and more far-reaching than our reasoned conclusions as to what is "true" and "false." He recognized that, as a human motive, a *belief* is much more impelling than an *opinion*. And by his patient search of our instinctive and subconscious existence, he was enabled to prove that even the most abstract and "impersonal" of our mental pursuits are more or less swayed by racial inheritance and social suggestion. "What the whole community comes to believe in grasps the individual as in a vise," he wrote not long ago.

The moral judgments of the race cannot be solely based on what Lester F. Ward once named "intellectual gymnastics." While we must strive to make our thoughts increasingly independent of emotional prejudices, we must strive thus only in order that our thoughts may serve us the better: that they may *advise* us the more effectively in

our weighing of good and bad—not that they may become ends in themselves and our masters.

The recognition of this relationship between our reason and our entire "selves" is the very kernel and keynote of the pragmatic gospel preached by James. For this gospel is, indeed, one of *practicality*, implying the correlation and subordination of every separate faculty and function—whether individual or racial—to the larger and deeper and "truer" aspects of life as a whole. What he urged us to do was not to falsify our reasoning process for the purpose of making the results "moral," but to quit wasting energy and befogging real issues by mere hairsplitting.

None was keener than he to have us conduct our thinking with the scrupulous exactitude of a bacteriologist trying to raise a "pure culture" of germs. What he protested and warned against was the too common inclination to judge the products of our thinking by the amount of time and energy spent

on its performance. He saw that no vital expenditure may be held valid unless it leads sooner or later to action, and that, for this reason, it is better to act on belief than not to act at all. "If there be any life that it is really better we should lead," he wrote, "and if there be any idea which, if believed in, would help us to lead that life, then it would be *better for us* to believe in that idea." And the farther he progressed along the path that was particularly his own, the more insistently he maintained—as in his last volume but one, "A Pluralistic Universe"—that our beliefs must matter, and do matter, not only because of their influence on our own lives, but because through them we help to reshape all life. This was, in part, what he had in mind when he called truth a "resultant" and said that we help to *make* truth as we go along. But few men were more anxious than he to distinguish clearly between belief and knowledge, both in himself and in others.

What he tried to do, in a word, was to bring philosophy back to the service of life

through the wrestling with genuine vital problems. And though he wrought fruitfully in many fields, he never did better for mankind, I think, than when he placed himself in the front rank of that steadily growing host of thinkers and workers who have learned from their own unwarped and unstunted hearts that light without heat will satisfy even the loftiest of human souls only for a limited length of time. It was then, in particular, that he became one of the principal builders of the ideals out of whose materialization will spring the greater and finer America still to come.

HENRI BERGSON: THE PHILOSOPHER OF ACTUALITY

TO the practical man, it seems a far cry from philosophy to life, or *vice versa.* Nor is he without grounds for his indifferent attitude toward abstract speculation. For like art, philosophy has claimed a right to exist "for its own sake," and this right it has exercised so freely that too often, in the past, it has been what William James once called it: "a mere reiteration of what dusty-minded professors have written about what other previous professors have thought."

But here as elsewhere there has been a change. The dust is clearing from the minds of the professors. Philosophy is once more seen as a handmaid of life. And this restoration of an all but severed connection between the world of facts and the world of thought has, in turn, brought our practical man to

see that he himself has, and needs, a sort of philosophy of his own: some kind of plan or scheme in the back of his head, according to which he imagines the world to be run, and on which, consciously or unconsciously, he bases his daily conduct.

Foremost of those who have helped to produce this new understanding of philosophy as, essentially, *a basis for action,* must be mentioned the late William James. But speaking at Manchester College, Oxford, not long before his death, this "unchallenged veteran leader of American psychology and philosophy" said: "Without the confidence which being able to lean on Bergson's authority gives me, I should never have ventured to urge these particular views of mine upon this ultra-critical audience."

The word of any one man, even though he be a James, does not make or maintain a world-reputation. But the same enthusiasm for the greatest living French thinker has been evinced by other men, hardly less capable of giving judgment. To-day the sworn

adherents of what is already beginning to call itself Bergsonism are legion, spread all over the civilized world, attracting new recruits daily, and taking their strength from the very flower of intelligent, progressive manhood. The youth of his own country have arrayed themselves under the leadership of Bergson with such fervency that those in power have come to fear a general desertion from all the accepted ideals and idols of orthodox, materialistic science. At Jena and Oxford, at Rome and Stockholm, the professors no less than the students are touched by the same sense of a new dispensation. Such diverging, if not actually opposed, movements as Anarchistic Syndicalism and Catholic Modernism proclaim in this quiet, keen-eyed Parisian professor their chosen and inspired prophet. Here in America, three of his principal works have been brought out at once by two different publishers. Such a figure, with all the marks of leadership upon him, must surely fall within the class indicated by Bernard Shaw when

he wrote that, "the most pitiful sort of ignorance is ignorance of the few great men who are men of our own time."

Henri Bergson is still a young man, born in 1859 at Paris. In him the cosmopolitan character of modern thought finds a striking symbol, for while we know him to be of Jewish origin, sprung from a family that probably lived in Poland once, his parents came to France from Ireland. And though it is dangerous to ascribe an exaggerated importance to the influence of "time and race and place," one cannot help detecting in him traces both of Celtic mysticism and of Jewish love for clear-cut dialectic distinctions. He himself has risen above race and creed and nationality toward that universalism of spirit which seems to be the common goal of all civilized mankind nowadays.

He was educated in the public schools of France, obtaining his naturalization as a French citizen only after he had entered them. At first mathematics cast a spell on him, and while still a boy of eighteen he won

a prize by an essay deemed good enough for publication in a prominent mathematical journal. Through the reading of Herbert Spencer he was drawn from that first love and moved to enter the *École Normale,* but even after he had become a student of philosophy he had no thought of giving his life to it. Only when he tried to lay down the essential principles of mechanics and found that time was not allowed to play any part at all in this science, did his common sense revolt, causing him to turn his attention to the problem of consciousness itself. And today his entire philosophical system stands based on time, or duration, as the chief reality known and knowable to man.

Graduating in 1881, he taught in various high schools and colleges until, in 1900, he was given the chair of modern philosophy in the ancient College de France, a Parisian university dating back to the sixteenth century. In 1889 he won his doctor's degree by a thesis that did much toward the founding of his reputation as a highly original and

daring thinker. And in 1901 he was elected to the Institute as a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Such are the few landmarks of a career which James described as "commonplace to the utmost, so far as outward facts go." Professor Bergson's adventures have all taken place in the realm of thought, but there his vivid imagination and his utter fearlessness of consequences have led him on to one startling encounter after another.

He is not a prolific writer, being mainly eager to make each work an adequate expression of the conclusions prompting it. Thus, for instance, one of his briefest works had been twenty years in preparation before at last it appeared in print. So far he has published only four volumes outside of his doctor's thesis, together with a score of articles and essays. The books of his that have just been brought out here in English translation are: *Time and Free Will* (Macmillan); *Matter and Memory* (Macmillan); *Creative Evolution* (Holt & Company).

The last mentioned is his main work, embodying all the ideas that tend to set his philosophy apart from the systems it threatens to supersede. In their original versions, all his books, including the one not yet translated, *Laughter,* have reached six or more editions. And one or the other of them has already been translated into almost every civilized language. But to get a full understanding of his influence, within his own country and beyond it, we must always bear in mind that, as one of his German admirers has expressed it, "he is a personality, not merely the head of a school."

The magnetic quality that emanates both from his person and from his writings, making "old-fashioned professors, whom his ideas quite fail to satisfy, nevertheless speak of his talent almost with bated breath," stands in intimate relation to the fundamental conceptions of his philosophy. And it seems quite natural that a man who has turned from the intellect to intuition for a solution of life's riddles should have a style as flexible and

as picturesque as that of any poet. In fact, Bergson is a poet, no less than a thinker, and to find proof of it one might turn at random to any one of his pages.

Thus only a poet could describe the past as "pressing against the portals of consciousness that would fain leave it outside." And a poet it is that tells us of our memories that "these messengers from the unconscious remind us of what we are dragging behind us unawares"—namely, the past. And finally I want to quote, in Arthur Mitchell's translation, the splendid passage by which Bergson explains the basis and purpose of our reason: "Harnessed, like yoked oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles and joints, the weight of the plow and the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we are acting, to come into touch with reality and even to live it, but only in the measure in which it concerns the work that is being accomplished and the furrow that is being plowed, such is the function of human intelligence."

Form, however, is merely a means to Berg-

son—it holds the same relation to his thought as matter to life, rendering it visible and tangible. His chief power lies not in the charm exerted by his words, but in the fact that, while reading him, he makes us *feel* how life and its various processes are growing more and more intelligible. It is as a philosopher in the highest sense of that term, as an interpreter of life who enables us to live more effectively, that he wins a lasting hold on our attention. Like all innovators, he stands to a large extent alone. His world-conception is not to be easily disposed of "by reference to some familiar *ism*." Of course, he continues the best thought of the past, but to us as well as to the future his departures from it are of more significance than his debt to it.

The older philosophers made reason king. To them it was synonymous with consciousness. It offered the only acknowledged road to knowledge, and knowledge gained by any other route was not worth having. This master instrument, which they identified with

the soul itself, they used principally to prove the unreality of whatever seemed palpably real to ordinary men. Out of the vast surrounding world they made an illusory shadow play, and out of ourselves mere dupes at the mercy of our senses and that very reason which they had enthroned so high above the spectral flow of time and space. To those thinkers of a bygone day only the type was real, not its unique individual embodiment, and the most real thing of all was a pale absolute created out of the stagnant air of their own studies.

The revolt against this rationalistic, idealistic philosophy, with its equal contempt for facts and feelings, had begun before Bergson was born, but it was left for him to carry it on to a triumphant climax. Continuing the work so gloriously started by Schopenhauer, Comte, Mill and Spencer, he has taken liberally from, and as liberally given to, men like James and Dewey, Boutroux and Tarde, Wundt and Ostwald. But as he has outstripped the Utilitarianism and

the Positivism of the past, so he has also gone beyond parallel forms of modern practicalism. While placing himself firmly on the new ground won from the enclosing unknown by present-day science, he has dared to give ear to those vague but insistent voices within that so often have lured man's soul from sober, uninspired thinking into utopian or apocalyptic dreaming. But unlike so many other listeners to the siren song of intuition, he has kept his mind from losing itself in the fogs of purely emotional mysticism. And thus he has reached both the courage and the insight needed to create a new metaphysics, capable of satisfying our own century's demand for actuality even in its dreams of the unknowable.

The very corner-stone of Bergson's system must be sought in his definition of intellect as "an appendage to the faculty of acting." We think in terms of action and for the sake of acting. Pure speculation, like "art for art's sake," is a mere luxury, while action is a necessity. And we see and

conceive the surrounding world as an object for our action. But in its constant outgoing toward the matter that fills this world, our intellect has been lured on to an inquiry into what life itself is—a problem that it could never hope to solve unaided.

Here we should be left helpless but for the continued presence within us of that lower, but complementary, form of consciousness—instinct—which guides the animal world below man. Instinct deals with properties, and not with things; with life in its protean fluidity, and not with the congealed forms of matter. This kind of consciousness is almost silenced within us, but it glimmers through our feelings, in our sudden sympathies and antipathies, wherever a vital interest of ours becomes involved. Our whole subconscious existence leaps unexpectedly into clear light when Bergson thus contrasts it with our self-conscious reasoning: "We think with only a small part of the past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul, that we desire, will, and act."

Instinct, as Bergson views it, has access to the inner truths of life, but would never seek them and could never formulate them if left to itself. Pushed by the intellect, however, instinct turns upon itself, so to speak; it becomes disinterested and self-conscious; it rises to intuition, which transcends intellect, while having to thank intellect for its rise. By trusting ourselves to intuition, we are rendered capable of plunging into that ever-moving, ever-changing stream of duration which is life itself. Therefore, a world-conception built up by the intellect alone must necessarily be mechanical, impressing us as a mosaic painfully pieced together; while a philosophy sprung from intuitive knowledge, out of instinct pushed and controlled by intellect—a philosophy like Bergson's own—will affect us like a living, growing plant.

Looking at the world in this way, and in this new light, Bergson finds not unity but duality: ever opposed and ever combined, life and matter are locked in never-ending strug-

gle. Within all matter the energy that carries it tends to decline toward its lowest level —toward heat and the absolute zero. Life, on the other hand, strives everlastingly to raise energy to higher and higher levels—or, perhaps, merely to retard and suspend its descent. From the antagonism of these two tendencies or movements springs the existence known to us through the testimony of our senses.

The main characteristic of matter is extension. It is placed in space, and as seen by our intellect, it seems essentially discontinuous. But this is merely an appearance, growing out of the inability of our intellect to grasp the flow of life except in the form of a series of snapshots, each of which gives us an impression of immobile discontinuity. The essential quality of life, on the other hand, is duration, and duration means flow, change, but also continuity, the underlying unity of all existence. For "duration," says Bergson, "is the continuous progress of the past, which

gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances."

This is the one reality on which we may build our world-conception; and time must be held real, both because it is irreversible, and because the pulsing changes that mark its passing in living beings can never be lost again. Memory is the presence within us of the whole past, ever pressing forward for admission, but it is revealed to us in fragmentary form only because the intellect refuses to pick out from the host of memories anything that is not needed for impending action.

Each new moment of our lives is seen by Bergson as a complex *state*, logically derived but unforeseeable. The element of uniqueness contained in each such state springs from the choice which our intellect makes between reactions that are equally possible. "Each human work in which there is invention," he says, "every voluntary act in which there is freedom, every movement of an organism that manifests spontaneity, brings

something new into the world." Thus, like James, he resists and resents the categorical alternative of the old philosophies, which declared that man must be either the complete master of his fate or its predestined slave. To him life is free within limits—or, as Schopenhauer expressed it and Ibsen, among others, accepted it: "free under necessity."

At the bottom of life itself, this movement that opposes and upholds matter, Bergson sees a vast, universal, groping force, an all-embracing impetus, that he names the *élan vital*—the Life Urge. Under the pressure of this impetus, existence is constantly diverging, sheaf-like, from the common root. Each added divergence implies a search in new directions for some faculty essential to further progress. Thus appear the cleavages, first between vegetables, designed to store energy, and animals, designed to expend it, and later between animals, moved by instinct, and men, guided by intellect. Existence, viewed in this manner, is neither accidental, as modern science would have us

believe, nor shaped according to some preconceived plan, as the older philosophies believed. It is, instead, experimental. The Life Urge seems to know what it needs only when it has obtained it, and thus life is led into many side-paths and blind alleys, though along its main path there is unbroken progress. The action of this vital force and our own relationship to it, as well as to the rest of the universe, are summed up by Bergson in this more than usually lucid and striking passage:

"As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the

plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."

I have here tried to give only a few salient points of Bergson's comprehensive world-view, and even these I have barely indicated. Concerning the revolutionary bearing of his ideas on future thought—that is, of their most important aspect—I shall have no chance to speak here. He himself refers time and again, not to his own philosophy in this connection, but to one that he expects the future to bring us. Of this coming and more deep-reaching elucidation of life he says: "Unlike the philosophical systems properly so called, each of which was the individual work of a man of genius and sprung up as a whole, to be taken or left, it will only be built up by the collective and progressive effort of many thinkers, of many observers

also, completing, correcting, and improving one another."

In other words, the new world-conception will be evolved by the race-mind itself, not by any individual mind, however great and comprehensive. This means that it will be "revealed" in the only sense that revelation can be accepted by modern man. It was thus that the bibles of mankind were produced—and as we look ahead from our present position, it seems destined that the future shall have its bibles no less than the past; that life shall continue to pour its revelations into the hearts and heads of men; and that each new *sacred book* conceived by humanity shall leave less of life's secrets undiscovered. It is on the making of these future bibles that men like James and Bergson are ever at work in a spirit of complete, reverential consecration. And it is for the sake of this work that we, in turn, owe them not only reverence but, above all else, attention.

THE SERIOUS BERNARD SHAW

THREE qualities determine whatever Bernard Shaw is or does, as man and artist, as reformer and philosopher. They are his complete soundness of mind and body, his inflexible sincerity of conviction and purpose, and his remarkable many-sidedness. The combination of these qualities have made him what he is to-day—a power both in the world of thought and in the world of action. His own countrymen may still meet him with puzzled laughter, but they listen nevertheless to his words with increasing deference. In fact, I think it will be hard to find any other man who has done more to give English opinion its present trend and form. Some of his plays have, according to himself, "been translated and performed in all European countries except Turkey, Greece, and Portugal." And no-

body familiar with recent American thought can fail to recognize him as a dominant spiritual factor on this no less than on the other side of the ocean.

Shaw's characteristic soundness is not confined to muscles and brain cells. It extends to habits and instincts as well. It colors his entire outlook on life. It gives to his art a tone that some day will be recognized as kindred to that of Goethe. Proudly he has vaunted his own "abnormal normality." People have taken it as another joke. But it is true, and it must be realized before we may claim familiarity with that strange phenomenon known to us as "G. B. S." Not until we are similarly free from taint and weakness can we hope to see the world as it is mirrored in the genius of Shaw.

Being healthy, Shaw is strong, and because of his strength he has faith—in himself, in man, in life. It is this rather than his Celtic origin that has made him a "laughing moralist" of the order that embraces Aristophanes and Rabelais, Molière and Heine.

Weak men scream hysterically. Strong men laugh triumphantly even in the face of danger and death. Because of his faith founded on strength, Shaw can say: "When a habit of thought is silly, it only needs steady treatment by ridicule from sensible and witty people to be put out of countenance and perish."

But back of his most smiling mood lies a serious purpose, and through his merriest jest glimmers the sharp steel of ruthless logic. "My way of joking is to tell the truth," says *Father Keegan* in "John Bull's Other Island." This is Shaw himself. Nothing is needed to turn his own jokes into wisdom but our advance to a point where we, too, can see the truth. How deeply serious he is at heart—and also how deeply "social" is his view-point—may be concluded from what he said in the course of a private conversation recorded by Professor Henderson: "I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no 'brief candle' for me. It is a sort of splendid

torch, which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

The natural accompaniment of his strength and his humor is an emotional balance so perfect that it renders him vastly patient of everything but that hysterical sentimentality which retards progress by obscuring the true relationships of life. "No more frightful misfortune could threaten us than a general spread of fanaticism," he declared not long ago. It is this balance that enables him to see the other man's side, and that helps him to "look all around" the subject he is dealing with. An illustration may be drawn from his latest volume, which contains a "Preface on Doctors," among other things. There every foible and fault of the medical profession stands mercilessly revealed. But there appears also this unsurpassed interpretation of that same profession at its best: "The true doctor is inspired by

a hatred of ill-health, and a divine impatience of any waste of vital forces."

Because he is a genius in robust health and a moralist with a sense of humor, Shaw has escaped the one-sidedness which so often limits and mars even minds of real greatness. From the first he has striven for harmonious development of all faculties rather than for exaggerated accentuation of any one among them. Were it otherwise, he might have ranked higher as artist, as reformer, or as thinker. As it is, we find his true greatness in an all-sidedness that combines, on one side, practice with theory, on the other side, the qualities of the artist with those of the reformer and the philosopher. And Shaw himself would be little loath to tell you that this all-inclusive greatness is greater than any other. But it is a gift that renders the possessor liable to more than an ordinary share of misunderstanding and misconstruction. Few men have been more heavily punished in this way than Shaw, and none that I can think of has passed through the inevitable

ordeal with less bitterness against the rest of mankind.

Springing from the prosperous middle class, Shaw holds defiantly that it is this stock which breeds the men by whom the world is constantly being remade. Left to himself by his parents, and regarding school as a mere "interruption of his education," he acquired early a spirit of independence and originality that has remained one of his chief characteristics through life. Early he learned also the great art of "doing without" as well as to rely on inner rather than outside sources for inspiration and consolation. While still little more than a child, he was introduced by his mother to the marvelous realm of modern art, and particularly to modern music. And when, years later, he became a critic, every line he wrote proclaimed him a man who had learned by seeing and hearing and thinking for himself, instead of by committing the words of other men to heart.

After five years of unwilling devotion to business, he removed to London—a boy of

twenty who had practically to rely on his mother for a livelihood. Nine years of seeming failure followed. They were years of unbroken growth and relentless effort. They were also the years when "nobody would pay a farthing for a stroke of his pen." But during those long, penniless years he completed five big novels that have since been revived with success. At last he found a footing in London's vast world of letters, and from 1885 to 1898 he enjoyed a constantly growing reputation as a critic of music, art, and the drama. In 1892 he turned once more to imaginative writing, and when at last he abandoned the critic's office forever, his position as a playwright was already established.

While still a seeker after a self-made fortune, he became a Socialist and began his career as a worker for a new and better public order. In 1884 he joined that little band of talented agitators whose success at remolding English opinion and English politics has made the name of the Fabians famous all

over the world. From the first he served their cause not only as "pamphleteer in ordinary," but as one of their most effective speakers and lecturers—a fact made the more notable by his initial failure in every attempt at public address. Like Demosthenes of old, he struggled the harder the more he failed. For a year he made it a rule to deliver at least one speech in public every week, most of them reaching the British public "from a cart in Hyde Park." And in the end he won out, here as elsewhere.

As one of the leaders of progressive London politics he was elected a borough councilor for St. Pancras, and during his six years of service he surprised his opponents by proving himself "a steady attendant and a level-headed man of business." No episode in this phase of his life is more typical of his broad-minded attitude toward everything and everybody than his defeat as a candidate for London county councilor in 1904. This was brought about by his refusal to overlook the good points in the Conservative govern-

ment's education bill, about which the battle raged.

"Like all dramatists and mimes of genuine vocation, I am a natural-born mountebank," Shaw wrote once. It meant only that, unlike most of his colleagues, he had the courage and insight to accept the humble beginnings and historical growth of all art centring in the stage. For as an artist he has proved himself no less sincere than as man and social worker. A master of form, he has always looked beyond it to the spirit that, in the last analysis, makes all great art what it is. "The pleasures of the senses I can sympathize with and share," he says; "but the substitution of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty is the very devil." And he has also said that "a statesman who confines himself to popular legislation—or a playwright who confines himself to popular plays—is like a blind man's dog, who goes wherever the blind man pulls him."

More than once he has been charged with a lack of artistic humility. But what seemed

like rank arrogance—his criticism of Shakespeare, for example—was merely a clear-eyed realization of the need every new age feels for an art and a literature wholly its own. The world is ever moving on to new knowledge and new problems, he tells us, and therefore "the humblest author may profess to have something to say by this time that neither Homer nor Shakespeare said." To be fully appreciated, these words should be read in connection with another utterance of his: "The next Shakespeare that comes along will turn these petty tentatives of mine into masterpieces final for their epoch."

How much of his work will live, or how long it will live, no one may presume to foretell as yet. And it is almost as hard to determine the comparative value of his various productions. Shaw himself has talked slightingly of the "jejune" novels from his "non-age," and less disinterested critics have accepted his judgment. But I suspect that the future will look upon them in a much more favorable light. They are wonderfully

vital and no less wonderfully modern. It seems almost beyond reason that a man in the early twenties wrote them. "Cashel Byron's Profession," the first of Shaw's works ever published in book form, was declared by the *Saturday Review* to be "the novel of the age." Looking back at his second novel from the height of experience gained in 1905, Shaw wrote of "The Irrational Knot" that he "found it fiction of the first order." I am personally inclined to rank "Love Among the Artists" with the biggest books of the period, and I think it must be classed among the main forebears of such commanding works as Wells' "Tono-Bungay" and Bennett's "Clayhanger." Unlike other forebears, however, it remains capable of holding its own beside its offspring.

As a playwright Shaw has done more to instil new ideas into the drama than to improve its form. He himself has asserted that "it is the philosophy, the outlook on life, that changes, not the craft of the playwright." But for all that, his formal perfection has

always been noteworthy, and more than once he has broken new paths in this line also. "Getting Married," one of the plays included in the volume published in the spring of 1911, marks a step ahead not only in spirit but in execution. Besides being one of the finest and deepest dramas that ever flowed from his fruitful pen, it is a masterpiece of design. While having the usual length of a whole evening play, it is drawn together into a single act, thereby gaining a unity and force rarely surpassed among modern plays. Strindberg has previously worked along similar lines, but one can easily see that Shaw, as usual, has been following the voice from within, and not a pattern imposed from without.

It has been said of "Getting Married" in particular, though the charge is not quite new, that nobody in it does anything but talk. This is false. Life histories are laid bare. Human fates are changed. All kinds of things happen—but not in the form commonly recognized as "action." There are no

murders, no hand-to-hand combats, no violence of any kind. Yet there is conflict enough and to spare—conflict of that real, inner kind which is the only one having valid place in the modern drama. And then we get, as always, the most wonderful revelations of human character. Perhaps no other phase of Shaw's art deserves more attention or higher praise than his character drawing, which, I think, has few equals in this or any other period. Here I can only instance the tender irony surrounding most of the figures in "John Bull's Other Island," and the merciless, yet comprehending, satire with which every person in "The Doctor's Dilemma" has been pictured. Nor does Shaw fall short in that perfection which English dramatic tradition has placed above all others—namely, force and beauty of expression. One must seek far and wide to find anything more deeply poetical than that passage which Shaw lets *Mrs. George* in "Getting Married" utter in a trance, her forehead touched by the hand of the man whom her soul has

loved for years, while her body has had love adventures with all sorts of other men. She speaks on behalf of Eternal Woman, saying:

"When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul. A moment only; but was it not enough? Were you not paid then for all the rest of your struggle on earth? Must I mend your clothes and sweep your floors as well? Was it not enough? I paid the price without bargaining: I bore the children without flinching; was that a reason for heaping fresh burdens on me? I carried the child in my arms: must I carry the father, too? When I opened the gates of paradise, were you blind? was it nothing to you? When all the stars sang in your ears and all the winds swept you into the heart of heaven, were you deaf? were you dull? was I no more to you than a bone to a dog? Was it not enough? We spent eternity together; and you ask me

for a little lifetime more. We possessed all the universe together; and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well. I have given you the greatest of all things; and you ask me to give you little things. I gave you your own soul: you ask me for my body as a plaything. Was it not enough? Was it not enough?"

Not long ago Shaw proclaimed himself "a specialist in immoral and heretical plays." But "immoral" is to him "whatever is contrary to established manners and customs." To work for a change along rational lines is the supreme duty of him who takes his art seriously. The directional tendency of this change he has indicated as follows: "The whole difficulty of bringing up a family well is the difficulty of making its members behave as considerately at home as on a visit in a strange house, and as frankly, kindly, and easily in a strange house as at home." Frankness and kindness are to him the main virtues, whether only the family or society as a whole be considered. And he knows of no better

means for their promotion than being a Socialist. Marxian economics he accepts, but what he really aims at is the substitution of social interdependence for individual self-sufficiency. He wants organization and brotherly coöperation above everything else, deeming "any orthodoxy better than *laisser-faire.*" And though a Socialist, he has no use for "the modern notion that democracy means governing a country according to the ignorance of its majorities." On the contrary, he believes that "we need aristocracy in the sense of government by the best."

He has never wasted any time on the building of Utopias, but what his mind's eye reads out of the future for which he is hoping may be concluded from his recent reference to the present time as "the famine years of the soul, when the great vital dogmas of honor, liberty, courage, the kinship of all life, faith that the unknown is greater than the known and is only the As Yet Unknown, and resolution to find a manly highway to it, have been forgotten in a paroxysm of little-

ness and terror." What strikes one at once about this passage is its spiritual, not to say mystical, tone. He expects material orderliness and efficiency from the state that is to come, but with these alone he will not be satisfied. Above them he places the development of the individual to a point where virtue shall come as naturally as breathing. And his conception of virtue is decidedly austere. He has written "Plays for Puritans"—he is a Puritan. But his morality is, first of all, cleanliness—not only of word and act, but of thought. It is more: the actual fastidiousness of a soul whose tastes, according to one of his biographers, "is by nature peculiarly free from what is gross."

Here we have a reason why this arch-iconoclast declares marriage "practically inevitable" and wants nothing but to render it "reasonable" by making divorce easily obtainable and women economically independent of men. Here as elsewhere, he has no use for mere freedom, and his ideas of honor are as rigid as those of any "bour-

geois." His attitude is well symbolized by the manner in which *Hotchkiss* draws back from *Mrs. George* in the final scene of "Getting Married," while announcing that, "To disbelieve in marriage is easy; to love a married woman is easy; but to betray a comrade, to be disloyal to a host, to break the covenant of salt and bread, is impossible."

His individual and social morals are the direct outgrowth of his philosophical ideas, which he has not taken ready-made from others, as has been hinted more than once. Those ideas have come to him just as they came to Ibsen and Nietzsche: out of the spiritual atmosphere in which both he and they were born. To-day his ideas are being scientifically formulated by men like Wilhelm Ostwald and Henri Bergson. They imply a new philosophy that may be called "psychosociological" in distinction from the older theological and mechanical philosophies. As Shaw sees life, it is never purposeless, never a matter of chance, never capable of turning

back upon its already covered trail. Its way leads ever onward, and the direction is determined from within by a universal force, the Life Force—the same as Bergson's *élan vital*—which employs whatever has being for the accomplishment of its own unformulated aims.

Not sinners nor saints are we, but more or less efficient instruments in the hands of that force. When we follow its biddings and urgings, then we experience happiness. When we defy or neglect them, then we sink beneath that crushing sense of utter futility which *Blanco Posnet* can only designate as "feeling rotten." All that Shaw has striven to teach us during his long and fruitful career as critic and playwright, as reformer and thinker, may be summed up in these words, leaping from the lips of the horse-thief, when the noose is barely off his neck:

"You bet He didn't make us for nothing; and He wouldn't have made us at all if He could have done His work without us. . . .

He made me because He had a job for me. He let me run loose till the job was ready; and then I had to come along and do it, hanging or no hanging. And I tell you, it didn't feel rotten: it felt bully, just bully!"

Fault has been found with the setting of this play, which is laid somewhere in the great American West, and also with the dialect and manners of the characters. But even if this criticism be warranted by facts, it is not worth making. For all superficial realities sink into complete insignificance beside those higher spiritual realities with which the little drama is saturated. The words and walks of men may have been drawn a little awry—just as some of the greatest pictures known to the history of art may be found "out of drawing" by those who think all truth lies on the surface—but Shaw has never given us more truthful or more vital pictures of human souls than in just this play.

The horse-thief caught because of a moment's surrender to human pity and brought

back to be hung for his theft—or for his "softness," as he himself puts it—what a background for a conversion such as William James would have loved to record! And one by one the hardened creatures about him are drawn into that magic circle which *Blanco Posnet* has created around himself by his one lapse from genuine blackguardism. And in the end light breaks into his heart; he sees what has been done with him, and what he has to do.

"This little play is really a religious tract in dramatic form," says Shaw himself of "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet," and he speaks the truth. For he is a very religious man, indeed—so much so that his life and his art, his morals and his philosophy, are mere adjuncts to his religion: the great religion of the Life Force that demands of us at once so much and so little. What it does demand according to Shaw is merely that we learn to see and act upon the truth that flashed its illumination into *Blanco Pos-*

net's heart as he cried: "There's no good and bad; but, by Jiminy, gents, there's a rotten game, and there's a great game. I played the rotten game; but the great game was played on me; and now I'm for the great game every time. Amen."

JOHN GALSWORTHY: INTERPRETER OF MODERNITY

ON this side of the water Galsworthy is probably best known through the influence exercised by his play, "Justice," on prison reform in England. Great as this practical achievement was, it tends, however, to give a false idea of Galsworthy's position in our present-day world of letters. For he is first of all an artist, not a reformer, and his main object in writing is not to effect this or that social improvement, but to display to the living generation both its own innermost soul and the world it has made for itself to live in.

Of artists he speaks as "soft and indeterminate spirits, for whom barriers have no meaning, content to understand, interpret, and create." He tells us also how the artist may come "so near that thing which has no

breadth, the middle line, that he can watch both sides, and positively smile to see the fun." It is just because of this carefully preserved aloofness, accompanied by a smile that is often sad and mostly somewhat bitter, but for all that rarely without a certain tenderness, that such works of Galsworthy's as the one just mentioned, or his earlier play, "The Silver Box," can affect the public mind as they have actually done. For the public knows that they have come from a balanced, unbiased observer, and not from an alarmist bent on melodramatic effects.

Having recently had our attention called to him in this sensational way, we are also perhaps inclined to regard Galsworthy as a later arrival than he really is. As a fact, he has been turning out a dozen volumes in as many years, and even the earlier ones of these are, by common consent among the critics, placed with the foremost products of modern English literature. Here his fame has spread with rarely exampled rapidity since he was first introduced only a few years

ago. And this fame is not of the kind that may be called a fad.

One of the first impressions conveyed by Galsworthy's art is its modernity. None lives more intensely or more completely in the current hour. At times this quality seems a little strained, as when he lets *Winlow* in "The Patrician" come visiting in a biplane. But as a rule it is the unaffected expression of the author's essential nature and relates to the spirit rather than the appearance of things.

Surveying our own period from his position at "the middle line" and with the calm glance of an artist, Galsworthy finds it "a time between two ages." From this time "the Spirit of Balance has fled," as he puts it. And the chief mark of its human generation he finds in a vain struggle to reach stability between a dying and a coming faith—between the faith in authority, in the god-given destiny of "the best men," and the faith in voluntary service and the intrinsic worth of all normal men. There are still, as

there has been through the long, bygone ages, three social classes, but one of these, the great middle-class, is hopelessly divided within itself, so that its lower part tends to sink into the class beneath, while its upper part is striving to join the class above. Thus the moment seems near when we shall have nothing but indifferent Olympians at the top and brute beasts at the bottom.

Few living writers equal Galsworthy in the art of producing real human creatures. All his works abound in men and women that we might have observed on our latest shopping tour or met at some recent "at home." They bristle with individuality; they quiver with genuine vitality; they attract or repel us, as if we were looking into living eyes and listening to spoken words. But for all this artful character drawing, so abundantly and so tellingly displayed, Galsworthy seems to me above all a painter of social groups. And it is not as separate individuals, but as types of such groups, that his characters obtain their utmost significance. In other words,

his impressionism is underlaid with symbolism, so that he constantly uses the superficial reality of the fleeting moment to ensnare and hold the lasting reality of the spirit within. Figures like *Mrs. Pendyce* and old *Lady Casterley,* like *Gregory Vigil* and *Hilary Dallison,* like old *Jolyon Forsyte* and *Lady "Babs,"* are no allegorical puppets, indeed. But they are also more than ordinary men and women. Through every one of them an integral part of our ever-renewed humanity finds valid utterance.

Galsworthy has been named a poet of democracy. But in spite of his sympathetic recognition of every element entering into modern society, the lower classes play, on the whole, a subordinate part in his works. Even in his wonderful sketches, so many of which are devoted to "Demos"—"those dim multitudes who, since the world began, have lived from hand to mouth"—we are given only studies of heads and hands, so to speak, and not full-length portraits.

This more detailed art Galsworthy has re-

served for what might be called our present-day brand of superman. Painstakingly and ironically he has "traced the course of aristocracy, from its primeval rise in crude strength or subtlety, through centuries of power, to picturesque decadence, and the beginning of its last stand." Thus, in "The Man of Property," we become acquainted with the wealthy middle-class, recently arrived and still smelling a little of the soil. Its maxim is "ease with security." Its members belong to the great Forsyte tribe, of which young *Jolyon* says: "A Forsyte takes a practical view of things, and a practical view is based fundamentally on a sense of property." They are "opportunists and egotists one and all," but they are also "the pillars of society, the corner-stones of conventionality, and everything that is admirable."

Passing on to "The Country House," we enter the presence of those who suffer from the mysterious disease of "Pendycitis," the "little kings of their own dunghills," the

group of aristocratic landed proprietors. They live and die at Worsted Skeynes, the vast acres of which must surely adjoin those of Wells' Bladesover. They are not bad: "they merely lack—feelers; a loss that is suffered by plants and animals which no longer have a need for using them." Such labors as they perform "are devoted directly or indirectly to interests of their own." And "their God is kind and lives between the cellar and the kitchen of the Stoics' Club," to which they all belong.

Finally, in "The Patrician" we meet with the true nobility, owners of large estates and real rulers of the land. Here, at last, we have genuine supermen, in so far as our time has been able to produce any at all. Whether they are better than the rest, or Galsworthy has mellowed in his development, they are certainly portrayed in a less damaging light than their social inferiors. As we now see them, it is their business "to be efficient, but not strenuous, or desirous of pushing ideas to their logical conclusions; to be neither nar-

row nor puritanical, so long as the shell of 'good form' is preserved intact; to be liberal landlords up to the point of not seriously damaging their interests; to be well-disposed toward the arts until these arts reveal that which they have not before perceived; to have light hands, steady eyes, iron nerves, and those excellent manners that have no mannerisms." At their best, each of them shows "the personality of a man practical, spirited, guarded, resourceful, with great power of self-control, who looks at life as if she were a horse under him, to whom he must give way just so far as is necessary to keep mastery of her."

Though here we have noted definite distinctions between the various groups claiming membership in the great order of supermen, these distinctions have far less weight or prominence than the points of resemblance. For all these claimants to supermanhood—whether they trace their ancestry back to the Norman conquest or admit a grandfather who "had to do with the land

down in Dorsetshire"—possess in common this creed: "I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate, and I believe in myself and my son and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country, and shall keep the country what it is. And I believe in my social equals and the country house, and in things as they are, for ever and ever. Amen!"

To understand exactly how Galsworthy sees them, we must quote what he says in "The Patrician" of old *Lady Casterley:* "She had only one weak spot—and that was her strength—blindness as to the nature and size of her place in the scheme of things." We are also told how she "instinctively rejected that inner knowledge of herself or of the selves of others, produced by those foolish practices of introspection, contemplation, and understanding, so deleterious to authority." And in "The Island Pharisees" we find the rebellious *Shelton* asking himself "Can a man suffer from passion, heart-

searching, or misgivings, and remain a gentleman?"

They are not bad, these supposed supermen—they are just blind. They suffer all and one from "inability to see into the hearts of others"—and "you want a bit o' mind to think of other people," remarks the flagman in "A Commentary." They are moved by "an instinctive dread of what is foreign to themselves, an instinctive fear of seeing another's point of view, an instinctive belief in precedent." Not one of them has discovered that even they may be "mere puppets in the power of great forces that care nothing for family or class or creed, but move, machine-like, with dread processes to inscrutable ends."

Not one of them, I said—but yes, there are a few whose eyes have been opened; men like *Shelton* in "The Island Pharisees" or *Hilary* in "Fraternity." These see, and suffer for it, and become outcasts or solitaries in the midst of their own people. Sight brings doubt, and doubt is fatal to aspira-

tions toward supermanhood. Blind faith is needful to all leadership—for the present at least. Not until I came across this distinction between those who see and those who do not see "their place in the scheme of things" did I get a meaning out of "Fraternity." It is the pale and uneventful drama of the would-be superman whose oversensitive vision has begun to search his own heart.

Galsworthy apparently believes in those great forces whose mysterious workings are so well hidden to the members of the Stoics' Club. And it seems to me as if he wrote his novels, in particular, rather for the purpose of illustrating the presence of those forces in life than to elucidate the fates of individuals. His plots are always slender. As a rule they are strung on a love story. But this story is never the core of what fills the book. As far as I can make out, Galsworthy plays so much stress on love merely because it is a common and very powerful passion. And he uses it mainly to bring the

principles of Forsytism and Pendicitis into crystallization.

"The Patrician" shows probably better than any other volume what the author has in mind. *Eustace Miltoun* is the very embodiment of the family tradition—and he comes nearer being a superman, raised above his own self, than any other figure in Galsworthy's vast gallery. To him work is life. And work means one thing, and no other: leadership. Yet he surrenders this most vital demand of his nature when tempted through *Audrey Noel,* the "incarnation of passive and entwining love." And therewith the whole family goes into action, revealing themselves as only a threat against their class and group interests could make them do. In the end *Miltoun* is saved from himself by the family and by the greater insight of the woman he loves. But for an accident almost, his very blindness would have doomed him to a lifetime of defeat. When placed between the universal force of love and the instincts of his type, he cries out against the cruelty

of God, not seeing that his fate is being crushed not against walls raised by God but by the self-preserving egoism of his own class.

It has been said of this story that Galsworthy wants to indicate a surrender of duty to love. I know nothing of his intentions, but what I read out of the book is a question why we should continue institutions that must frequently bring love and duty into fatal conflict. And one more thing I discover—what seems like a deep-lying piece of symbolism. *Miltoun* and *Noel,* the representatives of two extremes, have to wander through life without offspring. The same fate befalls *Courtier,* another extremist. But the race-life will be carried on by individuals who, like the fascinating *Lady "Babs"* and young *Harbinger,* stand, after all, for more or less compromise.

Reading Galsworthy, I am constantly reminded of Ibsen and Meredith—not because he has imitated either one of these masters, but because he continues the formal and

spiritual traditions of both. His attitude toward woman is theirs. Meredith himself might have expressed the objection felt by *Shelton* in "The Island Pharisees" against "the tone in which men spoke of women—not exactly with hostility, not exactly with contempt—best, perhaps, described as cultured jeering." While from the vitriolic pen of Ibsen might have sprung the words uttered by the parson in the same story: "The questions of morality have always lain through God in the hands of men, not women. We are the reasonable sex." In this connection it is interesting to compare the attitude of *Nora* with that of *Mrs. Pendyce,* regarding whose decision to leave her husband Galsworthy says: "Just as there was nothing violent in her manner of taking this step, so there was nothing violent in her conception of it. To her it was not running away, a setting of her husband at defiance; there was no concealment of address, no melodramatic 'I cannot come back to you.'" And perfectly delicious is the greeting she

gives her startled husband when she returns as quietly as she had gone: "Well, are you not glad to see me?"

Of Galsworthy's methods and power of expression I shall have no chance to speak here, though it was his formal perfection that first gained a hearing for his art. Be it enough said that he finds beauty everywhere, and that finding it, his soul leaps out in glad ecstasy, uttering words deeply fraught with the glories they celebrate. Not since, as a boy, I first beheld the marvels of a shadow play have I experienced the sensation conferred by a single, simple phrase of his: "Far away on the rising uplands, the slow ploughman drove, outlined against the sky."

In the same casual way only can I refer to those strains of irony and tenderness which run forever intertwined through his pages, endowing them with an emotional as well as artistic satisfaction of rarely surpassed intensity. At first, with the sternness of youth still in his veins, he was more bitter than sweet, but with the storing up of years and

experience the blending of those two complementary qualities has become more and more perfectly balanced, until at last we find the man capable of such gentle, yet biting, irony as that expressed in his description of the magnificent *Swithin Forsyte*: "His mind was the junction of two curiously opposed emotions; a lingering and sturdy satisfaction that he had made his own way and his own fortune, and a sense that a man of his distinction should never have been allowed to soil his mind with work."

In order to classify his art properly, by reference to both its form and spirit, I fear that some new term would have to be invented. I have already spoken of his "symbolical impressionism" in character-drawing. This implies a merging of two tendencies that in the past were ever fighting against each other for supremacy. To define the result of such a merger with desirable precision, I might name Galsworthy a "spiritual realist"—a term particularly apposite to a

time which contends that the universe is built up not out of matter but of energy.

And this synthetical character of Galsworthy's art manifests itself in many different ways. Thus—to add only one more instance—his work may be regarded as one continuous sermon against one-sided individualism, and the whole spirit of his art must be deemed social in the best sense. Yet he recognizes keenly what the race has gained by its ages of overemphasized individualism, and he expresses his understanding in words like these: "Give me a single example of a nation, or an individual, who's ever done any good without having worked up to it from within."

Like Ibsen, Galsworthy is a questioner who leaves the answers to be found by his readers. So fearful is he of taking sides or intruding a lesson that at times, as in "Strife," he appears to some readers guilty of indifference. That he has a philosophy cannot be doubted, but it has generally to be distilled in drops from his works. Here

and there, however, one is granted a clear glimpse of the faith that moves the man. For the present generation he has little hope. "You can't get grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles—at least not in one generation," says one of his characters. But better things and better men are coming. "At bottom mankind is splendid," cries *Courtier,* the knight-errant, "and they're raised by the aspiration that's in all of them." As they rise, they will perceive more and more clearly that "God is within the world, not outside it." Struggling onward, they are filled with "a wayward feeling that the Universe is indivisible, that power has not devolved but evolved, that things are relative, not absolute." And "like children whose mother has departed from their home, they are slowly being forced to trust in, and be good to, themselves and to one another, and so to form out of their necessity, desperately, unconsciously, their new great belief in Humanity."

NEW UNDER THE SUN?

A LESSER ANATOLE FRANCE OF THE FAR NORTH

ONE of the serious problems of our civilization is how to make the literary treasures of each nation the common property of mankind. Its natural difficulty becomes multiplied when we turn to the current literary production of a small country whose language is rarely heard along the highroads of modern world-culture. I am just now having in mind the large and fruitful Swedish literature that has sprung into life during the last thirty years.

Prior to the eighties, Sweden could hardly be credited with any imaginative writers worthy of cosmopolitan reputation. With the appearance of August Strindberg the situation changed. He not only swept away the artificialities and sentimentalities which, until then, had walled off the literature of

Sweden from the spirit that was triumphing throughout the rest of Europe, but he achieved for the language a rejuvenation that can only be compared to what was done for England by the poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan age. Where he led the way, scores of talented men and women soon followed, so that to-day Sweden possesses a literature that in richness and significance is more than proportionate to its political and economical importance.

Many, if not most, of these newcomers are almost as well known in Germany as in their native land—a fact that serves strongly to promote that Pan-Germanic spirit of which Björnstjerne Björnson was the most conspicuous advocate during his later life. But what Germany has eagerly availed herself of, has been contemptuously neglected by England and America. Strindberg is to-day known in the English-speaking countries more through what has been written about him than through translations of his own work. The Nobel prize is at last doing

for Selma Lagerlöf what her own worth could not achieve—and wherever she finds a reader, there, as a rule, she wins a heart. A start has also been made toward transplanting the ideas of Ellen Key, who is rapidly becoming recognized as one of the foremost women thinkers of our age, having been familiar to intellectual Germany for nearly twenty years. But outside of these few favored ones, who are the Swedish writers known even by name in the countries where the English tongue prevails? How many people in the United States or Great Britain, even among those who take pride in watching the onward march of Western literature, have as much as heard of Heidenstam, Hallström, Levertin, Geijerstam, Hansson, Forslund, Hedberg, Fröding, Roos? How many Americans or Englishmen have heard of him that started me on this trend of thought—of Hjalmar Söderberg?

To be sure, he belongs to the youngest and least prolific. The first book of his that attracted any attention at all was published

in 1895, and not until 1901 did he produce a work that commanded wide-spread approval. So far he has to his credit only nine volumes: one of youthful verse; three made up of short stories; three novels—all of them brief; one of essays and personal impressions—his latest; and one containing a play that has also been acted with striking success on the Scandinavian stages. The title of this play is "Gertrude." His best book of short stories is named "The Strangers." His novels are "Errors," "Martin Birck's Youth," and "Dr. Glass."

Though other men are more popular, Söderberg holds to-day undisputed rank among Sweden's foremost writers. For one thing, his prose is so perfect, so vital, so closely related to life, that in this respect he is not surpassed even by Strindberg himself, that master-moulder of the Swedish tongue. His style has at once so much of strength and of beauty in it, that I think these qualities would defy the levelling effects of a translation. There is in it much to remind the reader of

Anatole France. And with France he has frequently been compared. That he himself realizes a kinship may be concluded from the fact that he has furnished masterly Swedish renderings of some of the French master's best works—such, for instance, as "La Rottisserie de la Reine Pedauque." Yet the pupil stands as much on his own feet as does the master. But the quiet charm, the quaint simplicity, the artistic reserve, the gentle irony, and the deep insight, which make the Frenchman's pages an endless source of delight, are all to be found in the writings of the young Swede. The latter has already created figures that may be ranked abreast of M. Bergeret, but I doubt whether his pen will ever prove capable of a Jacques Tournbroche. For his humor is neither as broad nor as wise as that of France; he is less tolerant and more pessimistic.

But whereas France is at bottom almost always constructive, the spirit of Söderberg is still largely negative. He remains critical, that is, without a clearly expressed hope that

his or anybody else's strictures may goad either society or the individual on to better things. And herein I find the greatest obstacle to the successful introduction of Söderberg to American or British readers. Instinctively these two national groups turn with impatience from whatever has not at the bottom of it a spark of optimism. Such a glimmer of light to sustain our courage when the darkness presses most heavily upon our souls Söderberg disdains wholly to offer.

The keynotes to his world-conception are, on one side, his depressing sense of life as a *great tedium,* and, on the other, his firm belief that life is essentially unmoral. The former of these two dominant notes is particularly accentuated in his best novel, "Martin Birck's Youth," and in the volume of stories named "The Strangers." What presses upon *Birck* as he grows up is the feeling: "This is the same thing that has happened to me before, and the same thing that will happen to me hereafter." It is the same feeling that moves one of Söderberg's most

striking figures when he opens the compartment door of the rapidly moving train and then, suddenly realizing the irretrievable uniqueness of the death moment, clings desperately to the swinging door until his arms lose their strength and he drops out of the circle of commonplaces that held him captive. There is no help, no hope, to be drawn from Söderberg when he speaks in this tone —and yet I wonder whether just then he is not often most worth reading. Not as a seer, standing outside of life and helping to disentangle its knots, must we regard him; but as a symptom, a typical phase of modern life, a victim crying out a lesson from within the prison that holds both him and his readers. And as such he has many qualities in common not only with Huysmans, but also with Galsworthy, as the latter appears in "Fraternity," for instance.

The men that move through the pages of Söderberg are first cousins to Huysmans' Des Esseintes and Durtel. And yet they differ radically both in spirit and behavior.

The characters created by the Swede are not exactly worm-eaten—not physically tainted —not given to cravings after monstrous and unnatural diversions. No, they are just tired —of themselves, of the world, of life itself. And the cause of this fatigue, that sends one or two of them into premature death and dooms the rest to a futile existence, lies in what they look for at the hands of life. All of them seek the meaning of life in its pleasures and achievements, not in its pains and efforts. All of them reek with that false estheticism against which so many of the greatest among the Scandinavian writers—men like Kierkegaard, Ibsen, and Strindberg—have in turn thundered.

When I was reading Strindberg's novel, "The Gothic Rooms," published four or five years ago, I turned from it in horror with the exclamation: "That cannot possibly be true to life!" Reading Söderberg more recently, I realized suddenly that Strindberg must have been right, and that any exaggeration of which he possibly were guilty did not

pass in degree beyond what the artist must employ for the accomplishment of his intended effect. Reading Söderberg, I bethought myself also of the political and economic disturbances that have characterized the latest decade of Swedish history. And it came home to me that, perhaps, in these events and in the literary products already mentioned we might find complementary proofs of certain processes of decay and rebirth now at work on the Scandinavian peninsula.

Sweden is an old country. Its upper classes, though never parted from the lower ones by insurmountable barriers, have for centuries lived their own life apart from the rest of the people, and that life has been more bent on getting than on giving, more bent on using than on serving that all-pervading principle which some call life and others God. At their best, they are now idealists who have lost their holds on life's true meaning. They have dwelt too long on the heights, away from the invigorating influence of concrete

existence and its hardening struggles. Now they are "sloughing off," so to speak—dropping away in order that lower strata, with unspoiled vitalities and view-points, may rise to the top. They seem to be suffering from a sort of premature senility against which the one effective remedy would be work—with and for their fellowmen. But of the effort involved in such work, as well as of its prerequisite spirit of sympathetic forbearance, they are quite incapable. Söderberg's men are born old, they think always of themselves in the first place—all but *Dr. Glass,* whose utter self-effacement serves merely to lead him more hideously astray than all the rest—and they never experience the wondrous joy that springs from work done for some higher purpose than immediate self-satisfaction. But just because they are such—and because their faithful counterparts may be found in to-day's Paris and London and New York, not less than in the records of yesterday's Rome and Athens—just for this reason their traits and fates should be heeded.

Nor can we ignore that other note on which Söderberg harps with what seems at times almost perverse insistency. It was this strange attitude of his toward accepted morals that brought upon his first novel, "Errors," a deluge of abuse from critics anything but squeamish. In his latest novel, "Dr. Glass," it is set forth with still greater emphasis, and with an added power of conviction derived from the author's maturer experience. *Dr. Glass* is a middle-aged, unmarried physician whose integrity equals his ability—and a most charming character at that. He is at once a man of taste and of honor, full of noble ideas, a man who judges others as tolerantly as he deals harshly with himself. The principal motive deciding his actions is a love for his fellow-beings that is largely tinged with pity. Among his patients are an unctuous, elderly minister with an orthodox regard for a husband's "rights," and the sweet young woman who has been trapped by her own ignorance into becoming this minister's wife. In a moment of irre-

pressible revolt, she begs *Dr. Glass* to bring her some relief from a relationship that has become unbearable. Her appeal is followed by a confession, first, of the love she bears to another man than her husband, and, secondly, of the guilt she has incurred in letting the man she loves become her lover. The strange result of the new light in which the confession places his patient is the development in *Dr. Glass* of a powerful but silent passion. And the strangest thing of all is that it makes him jealous of the husband but not of the lover. On the contrary, the one thing he yearns after is to enable the woman he loves to give free vent to her love for another man. When all other means have failed, he decides to use his position as family physician to put the husband out of the way forever. And this he carries through in such daring and ingenious fashion that he not only frees himself from suspicion but makes the catastrophe seem natural.

Now one looks for echoes of the "Raskolnikov" theme. But no—Söderberg is no

imitator of Dostoyevski—hardly a twinge of remorse stirs the murderer's mind. He attends the funeral of his victim, and then he gives the rest of the day to philosophical discussion with a friend in a restaurant. Afterwards his life resumes its former course. And once more we are confronted with that sense of life as a *tedium* and a disappointment. The woman for whose happiness *Dr. Glass* has risked so much is hardly set free before her lover deserts her in order to repair his ruined affairs by means of a rich marriage. The last scene shows us *Dr. Glass* on an autumnal night outside the house of the widow, where, from his hiding-place, he is watching her pale and tear-furrowed features as she goes out to mail a letter which he knows to be meant for her faithless lover. And from his lips fall these words: "I guess life has passed me by!"

What can be more horrible, more awesome, than this dénouement that shows, not the punishment, but the futility of crime. To do what men call evil, and to do it without any

of those results generally feared by men—that much is permitted to the man who has risen above all the "superstitions" of common minds. But to change the course of life in accordance with his own wishes, even when those wishes are anything but selfish—that is the one thing he cannot be permitted. And in this peremptory refusal lies the worst punishment that human ingenuity could possibly invent. For this reason, I think, the lesson of "Dr. Glass" combines with its exquisite art to make it worthy of a wider fame than has come to it so far. Whether the author has conveyed his lesson wittingly or not is hardly material, as I see it, for in the judgment of an artist's work the one thing that matters is what he actually manages to say, not what he has aimed at saying.

Söderberg is still young. It does not seem to lie beyond reasonable hope that the coming years may bring him a new vision and a new faith. If such should prove the case, then the day cannot fail to come when his name will be familiar wherever the new

spirit of the Occident—the spirit that draws its faith from our widening evolutionary conceptions—inclines men to set their faces joyously and courageously toward the future.

THE story held me to the end, and this end was what ends should be in a perfectly designed world. But fifteen minutes had not passed before I was looking back at the same story with a decided sense of dissatisfaction. And the happy ending began, in particular, to seem both artificial and superfluous.

The writer, I realized, must be either a reformer with a poet's instinct for expression, or else a poet with the moral passion of a reformer burning in his heart—and what finer combination could be imagined than either one of these alternatives? Yet he had failed in the ultimate analysis, both as a moralist and as an artist. For esthetically—as I now saw his story in retrospect—it conveyed the impression of a piece of otherwise perfect music with a beautiful but irrelevant passage added to its resolving cadence. And

ethically—well, preaching should be judged by its influence on human lives as actually lived. This story, like every other one deserving the name, dealt with man's errors and their results. The ethical test of it must lie in its tendency to prevent other human beings from falling into the same sort of error—and it was right there I most doubted its power.

The longer I puzzled over the strange contrast between the after-taste of that story and the impression it produced while I was reading it, the more certain I became that its author must be a reformer by nature and a poet only by an act of reasoned will. Mere will had done wonders for him, but it had not sufficed to overcome the initial handicap entirely. A reformer, you know, is a man whose mind is too insistently set on the improvement of things by pressure from without. And all such minds seem to suffer from a common fault; or from worse than a fault: from an incurable ailment that one might name *reformer's disease*. Should I be ques-

tioned concerning the nature of this widely spread trouble, I might describe its main symptom as EXAGGERATED FAITH IN THE EFFICACY OF PRECEPT.

Of course, we should all like to have the world differently made in some aspects, and few changes could be more welcome than one which made us capable of learning—in the full sense of the term—by mere schooling. The earth has always been swarming with schoolmasters ready to tell us just how to live in order that all might be well with us. Not these, however, have been our true guides out of the primal mists of fear and ignorance and selfishness. What we properly call "wisdom"—that is, useful interpretation of life—has little to do with book knowledge or platform oratory. It is based, ultimately, on mistakes made and penalties paid. Its principal disseminators are sorrow and pain.

Nothing enters intimately and integrally into our natures except as the result of actual experience. Everything else is put on as a

piece of clothing and quickly shed in the moment of crisis. Nor do we learn with equal effect from all that life brings us. The experience of its negative sides—of sorrow and suffering and disappointment—strikes home with a force not possessed by our pleasures and triumphs. Happiness—taking the word in its higher and more significant application—is what we live for. But happiness implies satisfaction with what *is,* and for this reason it fails to stir us after it has been attained. It calls to rest, not to work. It tempts the Faust-soul of man to bid the passing moment stay. Dissatisfaction, on the other hand, is the strongest known impetus to action, to progress, to revolt.

Seeing that most of our education must come from suffering, life would prove a sad burden, indeed, but for one saving clause. We are so constituted, fortunately, that we may experience not only through our own actual living, but through the living of others —yes, even through the lives of fictitiously created "others." All imaginative writing

has for its highest purpose to let us live vicariously: to let us profit by the mistakes of others without paying penalties that too often would prove fatal. What happens in the book or on the stage takes a place among what has happened concretely to ourselves. But in order that it may thus enter our lives as compelling motives, as lessons mastered, those vicarious experiences, those pretended fates of our man-made *deputies,* must touch us with the peculiar poignancy of real events. It is not enough that we are told—we must see and feel. It is not enough that we read or hear—we must be literally *shaken:* moved to the point where we unconsciously assume the places of those that are made to live in our stead.

This brings us back again to the greater persuasive power possessed by life's "off-side"—by what pre-scientific man named "evil" and attributed to the ill-will of some infernal agent. If we make a mistake in life that is corrected before we have felt the full consequence of it, we are only too prone to

lapse back into the self-same mistake on the first favorable occasion. The warning we received was not sharp enough. Perhaps we were scared for a moment or two. But with the "happy ending" the scare passed away and was soon forgotten. Thus similar situations work in our vicarious living also—in the novel and the drama. When some *deus ex machina* drops from the clouds at the crucial moment and sets everything right, we fill up with the same fictitious happiness that is bestowed by the author on those figuring more directly in his shadow world—whereupon we pass on in search for another and more poignant sensation.

Here lies the main reason, I think, why so much of the world's best poetry has to be classed as "pessimistic," as "grim," as "morbid." The ultimate object of all poetical creation—as well as of most other forms of human activity—is to bring us more knowledge of life; and the poetry that fills this object cannot help but bring us sadness and pain and dissatisfaction. If it be of the very

greatest kind, it may foreshadow the possibility of future escape, but this it will do, oh! so subtly and tentatively. And, above all, it will not picture our escape as already achieved, lest we lie down on our ears and go to sleep in happy reliance on the all-rightness of the world and ourselves. It is the Human and Divine Comedies—not the Utopias—that convert us. For back of all conversion lies a burning conviction that wrongness *still exists.*

Some poets are reformers—thank heaven! Few reformers are poets—worse luck! The typical reformer scorns art and misunderstands it. He is impatient of its seemingly disingenuous methods, just as he is with life's roundabout ways of reaching results. He spends much of his time in hopeless search for shortcuts. For this reason he is fond of old-fashioned pedagogical methods. He hands out precepts when he ought to be telling stories or painting pictures. He belabors our minds when he ought to be touching our hearts. And in regard to stimulative

power a thought proportions itself to an emotion as a horse to a turbine engine.

Yet there is a classical instance of a reformer who knew better—one who lived some nineteen hundred years ago in far-off Palestine. If one-half of what we have been told concerning his doings be true, he was one of the greatest practical psychologists that ever trod the earth. And he became so through his understanding of human life as lived in shops and fields and chambers. He knew what really stirs men's souls, and what passes them by. He preached in parables—that is, in the primitive form of the short story and the novel. And when his disciples urged him for explanations and applications, he managed as a rule to escape their importunings.

The modern reformer who tries to teach in terms of actual life—which means, artistically—and who tacks a "moral" to the end of his tale—whether it be in the shape of an illogical outcome or unashamed sermonizing—him I have to class with the cruel per-

son who insists on revealing the course of the story just holding us in pleasurable suspense. Such a teacher forestalls the workings of our own minds, for one thing, and thereby he takes the edge from our impressions. One of the main characteristics of all art, and one of its principal sources of power, lies in its suggestiveness. By stopping short of exhaustive explanations, it enlists the imaginative coöperation of our minds. Art brings us the facts to be used as material in the building of our experimental life; it hints temptingly at meanings and interrelationships; it aids, with as much self-effacement as possible, in the rearing of the structure. Then it permits our own brains to figure out what kind of life that structure represents and whither it is likely to lead. Thus only do we become true participants in that life which the artist and we have built up together. It gives us a sense of being "doers" as well as readers. The whole process is so interesting, so closely akin to real living, that its utmost effects pass through our

senses and reasons into the emotional, life-guarding core of our innermost being. It is this very process which the reformer wants to carry out on our behalf, lest we neglect it or bungle it. In other words, he will not TRUST us. And failing in this, he spoils his own game.

I fear that all this will be held a poorly disguised plea for that kind of "pessimistic" and seemingly purposeless literature which is as painful to our over-refined nerves as it seems *useless* in the eyes of the serious-minded. And yet I have only been making a plea for the better understanding of life's laws and the make-up of our own minds—both among poets and reformers.

Mother Life never obtrudes her purposes on us. She has no preceptorial proclivity whatever. Always trusting to the abundance of her own resources and the endlessness of time, she lets us do as we please—and find out what happens. We are all her children, and our tastes and prejudices are only so many imitations of her ways. We

don't care to have lessons forced down our throats like pills. We want to have knowledge insinuated into our systems under some pleasing guise—or else thrust at us as the ruthless logic of given events. While disliking intensely to be "done good," we want to learn what is right in the eyes of our mother: that vast, teeming, pushing, relentless Life Urge to which all quests for first and last causes finally lead up. Such is the attitude of which we are conscious in our best moments at least—and are not these, after all, the moments by which we should be judged?

And now, having rambled on to such a conclusion, it seems to me as if my definition of "reformer's disease" might be condensed and simplified. For in the end it is nothing but ordinary all-too-human LACK OF TACT—and with "tact" we mean usually the rare abilty of putting oneself in the other person's place, an ability said to belong particularly to the true artist.

ART, LIFE, AND CRITICISM

ART, which merges man's sense of beauty with his instinct for self-expression, lies as close to life as any other form of human activity. It is neither a fair bubble, too frail for serious men's consideration, nor an exotic fruit ripening for a few chosen spirits on some enchanted isle to which passage can be bought only by surrender of ordinary human cares and concerns. On the contrary, art, seen in the light of modern knowledge, appears as an instrument forged by life for the promotion of its most essential purpose—its own perfection. Therefore, art comes to all who will receive it as the messenger and missionary of a great life force—nay, it is itself such a force, bringing with it powers of lasting value to our whole existence: a new vision, a new perception, a new inspiration. Out of it grows

a keener pleasure in life, a greater harmony with it, a better understanding of it, and, for this reason, a stronger hold on it.

Art is many things, both at once and successively, and it has a legitimate right to be every one of them. What these multitudinous shapes are—shapes that art may assume and still be art—does not concern me for the moment. I am now dealing with art in its highest form alone. To the question of what this form stands for, I answer unhesitatingly: EXPERIMENTAL CREATION.

What life itself does with its multiform host of real creatures in order to accomplish its own perfection, that we do with the creatures to which our imaginations give a fictitious existence, whether it be in marble, on canvas, or in words. Life's way is undoubtedly the more effective. But in the beginning of things, at least, our way is the kinder, and in the long run it is perhaps also the quicker.

In art we set the problems of existence,

solve them tentatively, listen to the discussion that ensues, and decide whether our solution be worthy of translation into actual living. If we find that we have met with failure, nothing is lost but some time and energy that might have been spent much less profitably. If we had undertaken the same experiment in reality—with ourselves and with the bodies and souls of our relatives and friends and townsmen—what a result there would have been, of sorrow, of pain, of strife, and of death!

Art in its highest form may, therefore, be regarded as man's most time-saving and labor-saving device. In this form all art need not be cast, as I have already indicated, but toward that form all art and all the arts should ever be tending. Only as preparation for it the earlier and less ambitious stages of art find a warrant for their continued existence. Those who raise the cry of "art for art's own sake" no less than those who ask blindly, "What is the *use* of art anyhow?" should remember that the art which

exists for itself alone, which craves nothing but formal perfection, and which does not aim beyond pleasing the senses—whether it be the senses of the appreciator or of its own creator—is to the highest art what childhood is to mature manhood. It is a school, a mastering of means to an end.

Man must learn to walk before he undertakes to fight; he must learn to read before he can dream of studying. In the same way art must develop and master a technique, it must wrestle with and conquer its material, before it can enter on its final and only true mission: that of tentatively and inexpensively solving the problems of existence in order that, through such solutions, not only man's life but all life may be raised to ever more exalted levels of perfection.

Implied in this conclusion we find the principal reason by which the cry of "art for art's own sake" may be warranted. For art should not be subjugated to the service of any other vital activity except indirectly. The task of art, this means, is not, as has so

often been mistakenly contended, to serve religion, or sex, or morals, or science, or man's personal desires. Art, if it be sincere, can submit to no other mastership than that of life itself—of life in all its fullness and majesty and glory. And by serving life, art serves also everything that forms part of life.

Poetry—using the word to denote all creative, imaginative literature—is to practical life what the laboratory is to science. It isolates distinct phases and moments of life under artificial conditions and is thus enabled to place them before us in such light that we perceive clear outlines of causes, relationships and motives where previously our eyes beheld nothing but confusion. For this reason its social object—its mission to those for whom it is written—may also be described as VICARIOUS FUNCTIONING.

In the books and in the theatre we live "by deputy," so to speak. We face danger and death, and we suffer all the accompanying emotions, without risking a hair on our

heads. Experimentally—and without having to encounter any lurking Nemesis—we commit every crime and practice every virtue, hold every imaginable opinion and lead every conceivable form of life. Thus we learn one valuable lesson after another, both about life in general and about the intricate workings of our own souls. Poetry is, indeed, what Matthew Arnold called it, a "criticism of life"; but it is so in the sense of being a school for better and higher and more effective living. And I have a strong suspicion that, somehow, it serves this purpose even when it appears in the disguise of "dime novels" and "penny dreadfuls."

The nature of art was to begin with entirely material, as it was aimed at nothing but to please the senses. Like everything else pertaining to man, however—like love, for instance—it has passed through a long course of evolution, the result of which has been a steady increase of the spiritual element. To-day art may be said to be ma-

terial only in its means, while wholly spiritual in its ultimate aims; for even the pleasure of the senses, which still constitutes its primary and fundamental appeal, has become spiritualized. Thus art has developed into an embodiment not only of beauty, but of truth and goodness in forms pleasing to the senses. It has become a tangible and material representation of united beauty, truth, and worth.

Why do certain forms please us and others not? We reply that the pleasing ones stimulate the nerves and provide normal functional exercise. But why do they produce this effect? Can it be that life wants to suggest the advantage, the vital value, of design, of symmetry, of order? That it wants to tempt us into employing rhythmical and symmetrical processes to the greatest possible extent? That it has provided a pleasure—in this case as in all others—that lures us on toward what is helpful and right?

Everywhere life's effort at improvement,

perfection, seems to have for its immediate object to fit us into the world we occupy by increasing intimacy with its laws and tendencies. And no law seems more important than that which demands that all progressive, constructive, creative movement be rhythmical. Thus, by planting in us the sense of beauty—which is at bottom a sense of rhythm so strong that its effects are almost hypnotic—life may be said in a very literal sense to be ever striving to place us "in tune with the universe."

It is characteristic of all art with an effective appeal that it removes us—that is, our interest, our concentrated attention—not out of ourselves, as is often said, but away from the things and feelings and thoughts with which our ordinary life is most closely associated. It cuts the ties, so to speak, between us and all such matters momentarily, thus setting us free to be ourselves more fully, to live our own soul-lives more intensely and completely, to centre our entire attention on

those mysterious inner happenings that are almost inexpressible in words. Art in its highest forms does not produce self-forgetfulness but self-realization of an extraordinary intensity and vividness.

Because art has its origin in and constitutes a particular expression of that great natural impulse which makes for change and improvement, it seems only logical and right to hold that, other things being equal, the poet who sings the praise of things as they are cannot take full rank with him who sings the changing order and the day to come.

In fact, an artist may be said to give at all only in so far as what he gives is new. And he gives greatly only in so far as he connects what is new in his work with that which is made old by it. The art that merely imitates may still be art, but one born with the mark of death on it. And the art that forgets its own origins is like a shooting star which lights up the horizon for a brief moment and then is no more to be seen.

Poetry began by dealing with the past alone. Ages had to pass before the present and the future entered in at all—and even then they played rarely the part of central themes. To this day, in spite of all the Utopias and Apocalypses, poetry remains largely retrospective. And this is still more the case with criticism—so much so that this form of intellectual activity more than any other one tends in the direction of actual retrogressiveness.

And not only are the critics constantly turning their eyes backward, until many of them can think of the future only as a hopeless "devolution"—an inglorious degeneration from the escaping glories of the past—but they are persistently looking to art alone for standards by which to judge art. Not only are they measuring the books of to-day by the life of the past, but by books in which that life is given them at second hand. Thus their course tends as a rule away from life, while the foremost task of the genius they should appreciate and interpret is to bring

art into renewed and more complete touch with life.

Of course, the critic has a right to proclaim a work of art a "classic"—a model, that is, of what may be held the best recorded achievement in this particular art form—but he must not set up such a work as a type according to which has to be fashioned whatever is to be counted good and perfect in art. It is the nailing down and narrowing down of ideals that is dangerous: the acceptance of any point as the final one in the progress of art. As long as we do not think we have reached perfection, we are on the way to it; the moment we think ourselves arrived, our faces are turned away from that goal.

The critic who forgets that tradition, or convention, is merely the starting point of new invention, that order exists only so that progress may grow out of it, cannot but end up in spiritual ossification and stultification. On the other hand, the artist who forgets that progress must have order for its foun-

dation, that invention is nothing but the natural development of tradition and convention, is as inexorably headed for anarchy and oblivion.

The older criticism, which approached the work from the sensuously esthetical standpoint alone, has performed its work in the main. Our standards of taste, so far as form is concerned, have been pretty well determined and are likely to remain comparatively stable hereafter. A process of refinement and polishing will probably continue as long as there is any art at all, but this process will no longer involve issues of paramount interest. Hereafter the contents and the spirit—the life we choose for the building of our art, and the attitude we take toward all life—will furnish the main issues in all debates of matters artistic. Taste will be involved as before, but taste will have to be considered in a new light: it will be the taste of the whole soul, not of the senses, or of the emotions, or of

the intellect alone. And perhaps it will also be the taste of the race rather than of individual man.

There are still those who would confine the critic's office to a dealing with nothing but the artistic, or esthetical, side of an art work, leaving the rest of what that work may contain to the philosopher and the moralist, or ignoring it entirely. Such specialization, could it be carried out, would be bound to result in failure. The elements entering into a work of art are so intermingled; they are constantly interacting, each one lending force to the appeals made by the others. Without full consideration of all these elements at once and in conjunction, the proper appreciation and correct estimate of a work becomes practically impossible. It is inevitable, therefore, that the critic should be a thinker and a reformer no less than an artist—that he should judge whatever works come under his attention from the intellec-

tual and ethical as well as from the purely esthetical view-point.

One might aptly say of the true critic that he must know everything. He has not only to coördinate all the arts, but he must also be able to correlate art to human thought in its entirety, revealing the presence of general laws of life in the realm of art, and tracing the constant interaction between art and all other forms of human activity. To do this, he must be familiar not only with the chief masterpieces of the art with which he is dealing, but with the substance and sum of the most advanced thought of his own day in every direction.

A critic of this kind is more concerned with where and how a work, an artist, an epoch, may have succeeded than with any instances of failure. The negative side can by no means be neglected. But it matters more always, both to mankind and to art, what has been gained than what has been missed, in and by any given artistic manifestation.

To reach its highest potentiality of efficiency and truth, criticism must work with theories just as much as science does. The only thing to be remembered is, that these theories have only the same claim to consideration and duration as those of science: they last as long as they "work." They are simply tools or instruments, serving to support, to amplify, and to correct the critic's individual taste and judgment. The tentative acceptance of such theories or principles—whether worked out into a "system" or not—leaves plenty of scope for the subjective spirit, the personal equation, to assert itself in their formulation, application and modification.

We hear so much about decadence in art and literature, and yet no two physicians seem to agree on a proper diagnosis of this mysterious disease. As I see it, there are two kinds of decadence: one natural and beneficial; the other wholly negative and destructive. The former reduces the art ideal

of the moment to its extreme consequences, thereby preparing the way for its greater and more vital successor. It is indirectly constructive by destroying what has outlived its period of validity and value. It is in reality transitory rather than decadent. The second form is truly decadent because essentially life-denying. And it consists not only in the acceptance of ennui, of everything's futility, as an integral part of life, but in the vaunting of this acceptance as a mark of spiritual superiority.

Leaving this only genuine form of decadence aside, it may be asserted that even those periods which seem most barren have their use and justification as well as their logical explanation. At certain times the work to be done must needs be destructive rather than constructive, for art and literature have also their autumnal and vernal seasons, their moments of harvest and of sowing. The character of the work cannot fail to be influenced by this fact.

The unwillingness of the human mind to

accept leaps, no less than the inability of life to make leaps—notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary—necessitates the gradual preparation of any forward move. Before a new ideal can be set up, the older one must be shaken from its throne—a task that is not accomplished quickly or without expenditure of much precious energy. This task of undermining the doomed ideal is commonly performed by those who remain orthodox rather than by the heretics that herald the coming new. And the task consists largely in the overzealous reduction of yesterday's truth into to-morrow's absurdity.

Such periods, commonly fruitful in wails over the threatened or already consummated demise of all art, are genuinely decadent—that is, tending toward death—only in the sense in which a partly dismantled structure may be called a ruin during its period of reconstruction. Fashions shift and vanish in art as elsewhere. Art forms that have served and outlived their purpose may die. But art and poetry do not die. The verse epic may

change into the prose novèl. The modern prose drama may supersede the historic verse drama. Those who are ever looking back for lost perfections may call this decay or death. But the epic and the drama live on, protean, ever renewed, endless in the sense that man himself is endless. In other words, no valid art form will die until man is done with it forever—just as man shall not die until life be done with him.

When the pessimists, whether they be artists or critics or scientists, speak to us of decadence as if the end of all that is beautiful and good and true had come at last, it is well to bear in mind that the border-line between sleep and death has never been sharply defined. It happens frequently that one thought dead rises refreshed, glorified, and drunk with the memory of marvellous dreams.

The artist's intentions are practically negligible when his work is to be judged. They concern nobody but himself and the students

of psychology. To such a degree do I hold this true that I am willing to apply it even in cases when genuine art works have fallen under the accusation of being "immoral."

Although passionately jealous on behalf of the freedom of art and poetry, and though unalterably averse to any censorship but that exercised by the public itself, I have to acknowledge more than one instance when, in my opinion, the liberty demanded by the artist has degenerated into license, and plain coarseness has been put forward as actuality artistically viewed—all with the finest intentions.

Mirbeau in France, D'Annunzio in Italy, and Strindberg in Sweden have furnished instances of this kind, and in each case it would imply serious injustice to doubt the purity of the offending writer's purpose. In such cases the critic must, of course, be no less candid in speaking of the work itself than in his tracing of the motives underlying it. And his opinion of the latter must not bias his judgment on the former.

What we call coarse, vulgar, vile, is nothing positive. It marks purely negative elements—a retardation of growth, a tarrying behind on levels above which the larger part of mankind have risen. The foundation of art is selection, not all-inclusiveness. The artist whose choice by preference falls on the coarse and the vile may successfully defend his right to such a choice, but he must not complain if his exercise of that right be deemed a reason for judging his work inferior in value. The coarse or the vulgar can never be regarded as beautiful in itself. It may be needed for the completion of a picture which nevertheless is beautiful in its entirety. The use of those elements must, however, depend on their inevitability in the picture presented.

Modern criticism began with the assertion that an artist's work should be studied in the light of his life. We of a later day contend that his life, in so far as it be worthy of any attention at all, must be studied in the light

thrown on it by his work. To us, viewing art from its appreciative or social side, the work is not only the more important thing as compared with the man, but it is also the more veracious, the more real thing.

Hegel established the theory that a great man is the result of his time. In recent years the Frenchman Gabriel Tarde has divided mankind into inventors and imitators, and to the former he traces all progress made by the race. In these two seemingly incompatible theories we find two sides of the same truth.

Ibsen said once that the greatest poet is he who stands nearest to the future. I should prefer to say that he is greatest who roots himself most firmly in the past while reaching farthest into the future. The great artist, like every great man, absorbs into his own soul the essence of what the race has thought and felt and aspired up to that time. To this he adds something that is wholly his own. But the mere fact that he has made such an

addition does neither establish his greatness nor carry the race forward. What follows is a process of natural selection. Each artist offers his contribution to the mass of men, and only what is favored and accepted by that mass goes into the race-life and becomes feelings, thoughts, and deeds from which springs the future.

In the course of this process, which goes on without interruption in the field of artistic endeavor as well as everywhere else, the mass picks with unerring precision not what is absolutely best, if such a thing may be said to exist, but what is best for them, best for the moment. Side by side with the work that gains the sanction of their applauding imitation may stand another one totally unheeded or ignominiously rejected—a work which, nevertheless, by some later day and generation may be proclaimed its adequate expression and supreme model. So it must be. No injustice has been done. The work that appears before the hour to which it belongs will have to wait in obscurity—or die as surely

as the bird of passage returning north while the ice still lies thick on river and lake.

"Art," said Richard Wagner, "is not a product of mind alone, which produces science, but also of that deeper impulse which is unconscious."

This reservation against the part ascribed to conscious intellect by a time priding itself on its cold rationality does not mean that the artist gets by divine grace ALL that is needed for his art; that he has but to sit down with crossed hands and wait for the call of inspiration, or that, in spite of his wholly passive attitude, all the wisdom of the ages will flow into his work.

His part it is to prepare himself for the sacrament which the conception and birth of every true art work constitutes. This he must do by constant observation and study, by exercise of the widest and most tolerant sympathy, and, above all, by disciplining his soul until all narrowly self-interested aims

and desires have become subordinated to his life purpose.

The outward form of his work is like a vessel of wondrous beauty, sweet and satisfying and soul-warming to behold. Life has granted him the skill and the fancy needed to shape it. But it must have some kind of content lest it fall short of its purpose—of the end for which Life wanted it formed. And it is the artist's spirit that will give the contents, which must be poured into the vessel until it is full to overflowing.

Nothing else the vessel can or may hold. And on him, the artist—not on "time and place and circumstance," or on tradition, or on any outside cause—will it depend in the last instance whether that spirit shall be vulgar or refined, ignorant or informed, narrow or catholic, self-seeking or self-surrendering, life-retarding or life-promoting.

And let me, with recurrence to a previous thought, add this: It is the inspiration of the artist that counts, not his intention; it is the spirit speaking *through* him, often in-

dependently of his conscious reason, that stamps his work in its relation to the forward urge of Life—and that spirit is not necessarily the one *of* which he speaks or *for* which he pleads in his work.

The poetry that prevailed until recently was sometimes supernaturalistic and sometimes naturalistic, but it was always fatalistic. The poetry of the new day will be humanistic and optimistic. It will combine a frank and open-eyed recognition of man's tremendous odds with a firm faith in his power of surmounting them. It will be guided and inspired by understanding of man's real nature as well as of the true basis of his happiness, and it will use its glories to urge him in the right direction.

This new poetry will, above all, keep in mind man's dual nature: the indissoluble connection between the racial and individual aspects of his existence. Thus it will be able to escape the tragical "either-or" of the older literature—that fatal determination to real-

ize the absolute or confess all life a dismal failure. Having known only two moods—the futile rebellion of pessimism, and the fatuous faith of blind idealism; neither one of which was able to give full expression to life's reality—poetry will now eschew both in order to imbue itself with the spirit of rational optimism, or *meliorism:* the faith that all the evils of human existence are gradually remediable through disinterested and concerted human action.

The new humanism, with which art and poetry, as well as philosophy and science, are now pregnant, may be said to have three dimensions, thus proving itself a truly living thing. First it has length—so far as man is concerned, man himself is the centre of the universe and the "measure of all things." Then it has width—nothing less than the whole race can be embraced in man's feeling of kinship and solidarity. Finally it has height—nothing short of divinity, or all-inclusive consciousness without limit in time

or space, can be accepted as the final goal of man's aspiration.

A CRITICAL SUMMARY

1. Art is one of the main human manifestations of that vital urge which carries existence beyond mere preservation to never-ending perfection.

2. The fundamental principle in all art, including poetry, is form—its primary appeal must always be directed to the senses. Without beauty of form a work may have value, but it cannot be called artistic. On the other hand, art may have nothing but formal beauty and yet be art. But to produce wide and lasting impression—to be great, in other words—art must combine beauty of thought, feeling and form.

3. The artist, viewing art from its individual and creative side, regards it rightly as a purpose in itself. He aims at nothing but giving perfect expression to whatever stirs his imagination. This is in keeping with

the universal law of expediency, which makes the means of life appear to us as ends in themselves.

4. The critic, approaching art from its social and appreciative side, considers it in all its relations to the rest of life, taking into account not only its appeal to the senses, but also its emotional and intellectual suggestiveness.

5. The critical process embraces analysis, classification and judgment. In the course of it the critic has to consider form, which serves particularly to relate a work to the past; subject matter, which relates it to the present, and spirit, which relates it to the future.

6. Anything in a work of art that cannot be understood or properly appreciated without reference to something outside the work itself must be held artistically irrelevant and worthless. The intentions of the artist, or the intimacies of his private life, can have no bearing on the enduring value of his work, and they are not germane to criticism,

although they may be considered to advantage from psychological and sociological view-points.

7. To find the relative value of any work of art or art current the critic must avail himself of three standards of comparison, none of which can be disregarded without endangering his judgment. These are: (a) coördinate artistic production; (b) our sum total of knowledge concerning the circumstances, laws, and tendencies of life; (c) prevailing esthetical, ethical, and intellectual ideals.

8. The object of critical comparison is not so much valuation, in the sense of an award of rank, as determination of the exact quality and degree of originality possessed by the work—what it gives the world that no other work has given before: of beauty in form, in feeling, in thought.

9. The ultimate value of art, in so far as it comes within the power of any one critic to ascertain it, lies in its contribution to the sum total of human culture. This contribu-

tion is measured by the extent to which a work renders man's conceptions of beauty, worth, and truth more clear, more refined, and more human.

10. For critical purposes it is of greater importance to regard art as a cause than as an effect; to ascertain its direction rather than its origin; to search it for forebodings of the future rather than for reflections of the past.

11. The critic has to make a clear distinction between the actual cultural value still possessed by the art of the past and its relative value when viewed historically. The former value is the only one that directly concerns the general reader of the present day.

12. In order that it may take its proper place in the general body of systematized human knowledge, criticism must accept for its own use certain formulas and theories embodying the main lessons drawn from the past in regard to the nature, functions, and aims of art. To obtain from these their full

possibility of usefulness they must be co-ordinated into some kind of system. But this must be done for the sake of expediency alone, and not in order to make everlasting and supposedly sacred truths out of what can only be recognized as tentative theories—as tools that are to be used so long as they remain effective and are not replaced by other, better ones.